



THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. LXIV.

THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXIV.

CUNNINGHAM. GOLDSMITH.

CHISWICK :

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE ;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, R. JENNINGS, G. COWIE AND CO.
N. HAILES, J. PORTER, B. E. LLOYD AND SON,
C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

1822.

PR
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1804
THE

POEMS

OF

CUNNINGHAM, AND GOLDSMITH.



Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

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THE
POEMS
OF
John Cunningham.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THE family from which Cunningham descended was Scotch, on the side of both his parents; but his father resided in Dublin, where he carried on the business of a wine-cooper. John Cunningham was born in the Irish metropolis, in 1729, and was the eldest of seven children. Encumbered with so large a family, his father, though living in good credit, was often straitened in his circumstances, till at length a delusive prospect of affluence was opened to him, by his gaining a prize of twelve hundred pounds in the English lottery. With this sum he commenced wine-merchant. But, like many other men of weak minds, who have obtained a sudden accession of fortune, he seems to have thought that his store was inexhaustible; and the consequence was, that he speedily dissipated it, and became a bankrupt, by living in a style which his means were inadequate to support.

At the time when his father's affairs went to ruin, Cunningham was at the grammar school of Drogheda, under the tuition of Mr. Clarke, to whom belongs the praise of having taught the rudiments of knowledge (for they never acquired more) to at least two men of abilities; to Cunningham, and to Henry Jones, the author of the tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*. On the failure of his parent, Cunningham

was recalled to Dublin, a stop was put to his education, and, during four or five years, he lived in a state which, if not absolutely poverty, appears to have been not far removed from it. Many of his smaller poems are said to have been written at this period.

That he was early an author there is undoubted proof. At the age of seventeen, he brought out, on the Dublin Theatre, a two-act piece, called 'Love in a Mist, or the Lass of Spirit,' from which Garrick is believed to have borrowed the plot of *The Lying Valet*. It met with a favourable reception, was acted several nights, and procured to its writer the freedom of the theatre.

The success of this farce decided the future fate of Cunningham. It is probable that he had already an inclination to try his skill as a performer; and, as he was now a constant companion of actors, his inclination was strengthened by their flattery, and he was easily persuaded to believe that he himself was qualified to shine upon the stage. In all the rash precipitancy of youth, he quitted his home, without communicating his design to his family, joined the company of an itinerant manager, and sailed to England. A more erroneous choice of a profession he could not have made. He had none of the physical requisites of an actor. He had neither voice nor figure; and, though his conceptions are declared to have been just and strong, so overpowering was his diffidence as to render him incapable of forcibly expressing what he strongly felt. It was only in representing the mock French character that he is said to have been tolerable.

Whether, as some have affirmed, want at length made him sensible of his imprudence, though pride withheld him from returning to his friends; or whether he persisted in his fondness for the scenic art, and offered to it a willing sacrifice of his time; it is not of importance to inquire. The balance, perhaps,

preponderates in favour of the latter supposition. Certain it is, that, for many years, he was a member of various strolling companies of players before, as an author, he became known to the public; and that even his success as an author did not bring about a change in his occupation. His feeble powers could add little to the theatrical strength of his associates; but, as a writer of occasional addresses, prologues, epilogues, and songs, he gave effectual assistance, and gained considerable applause.

In the humble and itinerant course of life which he led, it is probable that he was often but scantily provided with the means of subsistence. I have somewhere read an anecdote of him, which relates that, one Sunday morning, he was caught angling by a clergyman, who sharply reprov'd him for profaning the Sabbath day, and threatened him with the wrath of Heaven; to which Cunningham meekly replied, that 'he hoped the Deity would forgive him, for that his dinner was in the pool near which he stood, and till he got it out he should have none to eat.'

To attempt to trace his wanderings would be an idle even if it were not a fruitless task. It appears, however, that they were chiefly confined to Scotland and the north of England, and that Newcastle was the place of his most frequent resort. About the year 1761, he belonged to a company then at Edinburgh, the manager of which was a Mr. Love.

While he resided in the Scottish capital, he published the 'Elegy on a Pile of Ruins,' which, I believe, was the first poem that he sent from the press with his name, and in an independent form. Though in a few passages, among which are the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth stanzas, it is too much an echo of Gray's celebrated elegy, it has great intrinsic merit both in sentiment and imagery. It is the composition of a man of poetical feeling. He is said, shortly afterwards, to have borrowed five stanzas from this

piece, and inserted them in his 'Elegiac Ode on the death of his late Majesty;' a transfer which, if it be true that he made it, we may perhaps be allowed to consider as a proof of his indolence. His elegiac ode it was necessary to hurry forth before the subject had ceased to excite attention; it was, probably, not of sufficient length; and he rather chose to borrow twenty lines from himself, than to task his fancy any further on a theme of which he was already tired.

Encouraged by the manner in which his elegy was received, he, in 1762, produced 'The Contemplatist: a Night Scene.' That it is wholly destitute of beauties, only stupidity or prejudice can assert. It, nevertheless, sins heavily against good taste. There is in it a large portion of quaintness and affectation; its comparisons are forced; and their perpetual and foreseen recurrence is at once tiresome and ludicrous: they call to the recollection the song of similes by Gay.

Cunningham had now reputation enough to render it probable that his pen might be made useful to those whom, in a moment of perverseness, Dr. Johnson described as the best Mæcenases of literature. He was accordingly invited to London, with a promise of securing to him a handsome income; and, as he was pressed by his friends to accept an offer which was supposed to be fraught with benefit, he visited the metropolis, for the purpose of entering into the projected scheme. For the failure of this scheme two different reasons are assigned. Mr. Chalmers attributes it to the bankruptcy of the principal bookseller who was concerned in the project. Another biographer, with more probability, affirms, that 'the indolence or diffidence of Cunningham had gained such absolute dominion over him, that when he found the solicitations of his friends too powerful to resist, he privately withdrew himself, and returned

to Mr. Bates's company in the country.' Perhaps, also, on a nearer view, he discovered that his additional pecuniary gains would but poorly compensate for the sacrifice of comfort which he must be compelled to make.

This attempt to enlist Cunningham in the service of the booksellers is represented, by Mr. Chalmers, as an attempt 'to procure him a more easy and honourable employment than he had hitherto followed.' That in the life of a strolling actor there is nothing of dignity, and probably much of hardship, we may readily admit to be true. It may, however, be at least doubted, whether the situation of an author who is under the control of a bookseller is more honourable, or his toil more easy, than that of the wandering player, who declaims to a rustic audience. An employment which subjects genius and erudition to the caprice and insolence of purse-proud stupidity can scarcely be thought dignified; nor can that toil be even comparatively light which keeps the mind for ever on the stretch, and which cannot be suspended without producing the double evil of wounded feelings and pecuniary loss. In one point the player has manifestly the advantage: among his auditors he has the chance of meeting with some who are possessed of taste, knowledge, and a liberal mind.

Of the miseries arising to an author from a slavish dependence on a bookseller, Dr. Smollet seems to have formed a much more correct idea than Mr. Chalmers. In his review of Rolt's contemptible history of South America, he says, 'The British learning of this age is grown into contempt among other nations, by whom it was formerly revered; and nothing has contributed to this disgrace so much as the inundation of mean performances, undertaken for the emolument of booksellers, who cannot distinguish authors of merit, or if they could, have not sense and spirit to reward them according to their

genius and capacity. Without considering the infinite pains and perseverance it must cost a writer to form and digest a proper plan of history; compile materials; compare different accounts; collate authorities; compose and polish the style, and complete the execution of the work; he furnishes him with a few books; bargains with him for two or three guineas a sheet; binds him with articles to finish so many volumes in so many months, in a crowded page and evanescent letter, that he may have stuff enough for his money; insists upon having copy within the first week after he begins to peruse his materials; orders the press to be set a going, and expects to cast off a certain number of sheets weekly, warm from the mint, without correction, revisal, or even deliberation. Nay, the miserable author must perform his daily task, in spite of cramp, colic, vapours, or vertigo; in spite of head-ach, heart-ach, and Minerva's frowns; otherwise he will lose his character and livelihood, like a tailor who disappoints his customer in a birthday suit.—What can be expected from a wretched author under such terrors and restraints, but a raw, crude, hasty, superficial production, without substance, order, symmetry, or connexion, like the imperfect rudiments of nature in abortion; or those unfinished creatures engendered from the mud of the Nile, which the old philosophy fabled as the effect of equivocal generation?

Having escaped from the honour and ease which had been offered to him, Cunningham remained contented in that which Mr. Chalmers denominates his 'abject situation.' He was, in truth, of a singularly indolent and unaspiring nature, and seems to have been quite satisfied with procuring his daily bread, and the friendship and praises of those who knew him. Kindness and esteem a man of so placid and benevolent a disposition as he was could scarcely fail to acquire. How little calculated he was to

struggle into public notice will be seen from a letter which, towards the close of the year 1764, he wrote to his friend Philip Lewis, of the Covent Garden Theatre. ‘ Dear Phil. (says he), we arrived at Scarborough the beginning of this week, and I was agreeably surprised to find a letter from you had been lying a few days in the post office. I reproach myself severely for my general indolence, and much for my particular fault in not writing to you before, as I might readily conclude a letter addressed to you at the theatre would find you. I hope you will excuse me, and not impute my long silence to a want of real friendship for you, or a proper sense of the many marks you have given of yours for me.

‘ Mr. Davies does me honour by his proposal. I am solicited daily both from Edinburgh and Newcastle to the same purpose, at both which places I think I might depend on general subscriptions (nay in most of the north towns I have a sort of acquainted interest); but I have some diffidence, and, as I observed before, much indolence, so that I have never yet come to a determination.

‘ I should be happy in a correspondence with Mr. Davies, and as he is supplied with French articles, should like to divert myself with a translation. I am fond, you know, of the French. I remember you liked the “Rose and Butterfly” I imitated from La Motte.

‘ I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you take on my account. You may remember my last expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I considered it as my duty it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary on’t. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

‘ I am afraid I shall not compass my collection of

“Fugitives” this winter; but after a tedious fit of idleness, I scribbled up an affair, within these few days, which I call “An Apologue.”

The ‘Apologue’ to which he alludes was published in 1768, and is one of the most finished of his compositions. The fiction is ingenious, and for the greater part well managed, and the thoughts are good and neatly expressed. The speeches of Care, Wisdom, and Poverty, are correctly in character. The moral, however, is defective. The Ass complains to Jupiter that, although he performs his duties, he is badly lodged, badly fed, and cruelly treated; to which Fortune replies, that he is—an ass; and Jupiter adds that he may ameliorate his condition by copying from the lion, the elephant, the horse, and the dog. This is an insult, and not an answer. It implies that the animal is blameworthy for being what he cannot avoid to be, and it advises him to undertake what it would be unnatural to attempt, and impossible to accomplish. All that we can learn from this is, that an ass may be starved and beaten without injustice; a lesson which the kind-hearted Cunningham had certainly no intention to inculcate.

The collection of ‘Fugitives’ was not completed till 1766, when they were published in octavo, by Dodsley, with the title of ‘Poems, chiefly Pastoral;’ and were received by the public with a degree of favour which must have been gratifying to the writer.

The success which he had obtained did not, however, tempt him, during the last seven years of his life, to come forward again in the character of an author. For a part of this period he formed one of Mr. Digges’s company at Edinburgh; and when that gentleman quitted Scotland, Cunningham returned to Newcastle, which, in some measure, he looked upon as his home. At Newcastle he had rendered considerable service to Mr. Slack, a printer, by assisting

him to establish a weekly paper. This benefit was not conferred on an ingrate. Cunningham had always been of a melancholy turn, occasionally bordering on despondency; and early in 1773 he was attacked by a nervous disorder, which made him incapable of any exertion. Mr. Slack immediately removed him to his house, and omitted nothing that could sooth the mind and recover the health of his friend. Though his kindness doubtless alleviated the sufferings of disease, it failed to accomplish its principal object. After having lingered for some months, Cunningham died on the eighteenth of September, 1773. He was buried in the churchyard of St. John's, Newcastle; and a monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Slack. He left behind him nothing that had not been published; he having a short time before his death committed to the flames the whole of his manuscript pieces.

The style of Cunningham is characterised by ease and simplicity; it has no ostentatious ornament, nor, on the other hand, does it sink into meanness. The only fault that can be objected to it is, that it is now and then deformed by careless lines, and by familiar elisions, which, though inelegant, may pass unnoticed in conversation, but are offensive in writing. His subjects are such as are level to every understanding, and calculated to please the majority of readers. Never soaring into the higher regions of poetry, he pursues in the lower a tolerably equable flight. He tries all the minor species of composition, is successful in several of them, and contemptible in none. Even in the humble department of prologues and epilogues, in which so much nonsense and insipidity have been poured forth, he contrives to avoid vulgarity and silliness, and to be gay and amusing. It is, perhaps, not worth notice, except as a proof how well he could succeed in trifles, that he has rendered an acrostic not unbearable.

Had he, however, never written anything more than prologues and acrostics, his name might have remained unknown. It is to his songs and pastorals, and some of his miscellaneous pieces, but principally to the former, that he is indebted for his fame. His songs are, as songs ought to be, graceful, sprightly, and free from affectation in their language. In this kind of poem he was once considered as being eminent, and though he has since been excelled, he still ranks among the popular lyrical writers. To the cultivation of his talent for pastoral poetry he was advised by Shenstone, with whom he corresponded, and the advice was judiciously given. There is more of nature, and less of hackneyed imagery, in the pastorals of Cunningham than in those of many other poets. In the delineating of rural scenery, as in the poems of 'Day' and 'The Landscape,' he is exceedingly happy. He selects objects which give pleasure to every observer, and which every one has observed, and he sketches them with a graphic correctness and spirit. The fallen oak converted into a bridge across the rivulet, the swallow glancing through the one-arched bridge and dipping its wings into the water, the pool with overhanging rocks and trees, the shepherd dining in the shade by the brook, and many similar pictures, afford sufficient evidence of descriptive skill. It is said, but I know not with what degree of correctness, that his best pastorals were written 'after he had made a moderate sacrifice to Bacchus.'

The miscellaneous verses of Cunningham are generally neat and ingenious, and at times enlivened by wit; but to write a regular criticism on them would be no less absurd than to break a butterfly upon the wheel.

ENCOMIUM.

FROM

FERGUSSON'S ELEGY TO HIS MEMORY.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the Muse and her song!
Ye grottoes and dripping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue;

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear,
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn,
The shades of Parnassus decay;
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since reft of young Corydon's lay.

To him every passion was known,
That throbb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shown
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the caroling thrush on the spray
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woful his sigh and his tear;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppression was near.

Let the favour'd of Fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor;
Though Corydon's lays could befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

A NIGHT PIECE.

Nox erat——

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

THE queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many-marshal'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declined,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears, amongst the tufted trees,
A phœnix-nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now in silver'd pomp she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carved the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches braved the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side, advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wandering fires
That o'er the moorland ran?—
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent),
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space, between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign;
They lock the shepherd's fold:
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the world!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of power
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glowworms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour, thus, of rushing Fate
I've learn'd to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome!

The temple raised to Peace!

The port that to its friendly home

Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,

A solemn aspect wears;

Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,

And kill'd his daily cares :

'Tis but the churchyard of the night;

An emblematic bed!

That offers to the mental sight

The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate, in thought,

The grave's unmeasured deep ;

And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught

To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace—the little chaos pass'd !

The gracious moon restored!

A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,

That through the forest roar'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest !

Renews her gentle strains;

And Hope, just wandering from my breast,

Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,

And darting from on high,

My soul, a more celestial spark,

Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,

My limbs refreshment find;

And moral rhapsodies, like these,

Give vigour to the mind.

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings browse;
Here a flock of snowy sheep,
There a herd of motley cows.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening gray.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farmhouse, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide :—
Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun !
High upon the daisied hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze !—
Cheerful as a summer's morn
(Bouncing from her loaded pad),
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.
O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim !
As the full cart moves along,
Hearken—'tis their harvest hymn !
Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus,—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
Till the sweet notes reach the skies.
Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs, dividing, break :
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake !
From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sunbeams sore oppress'd,
Plunging on the watery plain,
Ploughs it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the isles, with osiers dress'd,
Many a fair-plumed halcyon breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd prattlers as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimick'd flock.

Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilom, in that shatter'd cell,
Many a hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath
Tottering with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
 Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
 Till the distant view retires,
 Closing in an azure sky.

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa !

JANUS VITALIS.

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.

SENECA.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
 O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried there lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time ;
 And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
 Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.
 Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads ;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
 Through the worn turrets wave their trembling
 heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude composed, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Evening check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the Maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mouldering monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace [way!
Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks his
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion raised her supplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody her song sublime:
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not moved to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religionlike, stands mouldering in decay!

Where the mild sun, through saint-encipher'd glass,
Illumed with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trod oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the gray grove, between those withering
trees,

'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imaged matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears.

Low level'd in the dust her darling's laid!

Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest

Where, mouldering in the niche, his statue
stands;

Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And craved the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As, traced among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain

His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights composed his train,
And Chivalry stood marshal'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Level'd the fabric as the founder low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.
The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste ;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours graced,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.
His aqueducts that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide : [dry !
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them
Though his rich hours in revelry were spent
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew ;
And the sweet brow of beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew :
Fleet are the fleecy moments ! fly they must ;
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar !
Nor shall a pulse, among that mouldering dust,
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more !
Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath ?
Or the tuned follower of the sacred Nine
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate Death ?
No :—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around ;
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground !
What then avails Ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom !
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-robed king,
Level'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they
stood,

‘ Philip! remember, thou’rt no more than man :

‘ Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole ;
Though thou art merciful and brave and just ;
Philip, reflect, thou’rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguish’d dust !’

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown’d
(Egypt and Syria’s wide domains subdued),
Returning with imperial triumphs crown’d,
Sigh’d when the perishable pomp he view’d.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest dress’d ;
Conspicuous o’er the trophies gain’d in war,
Placed, pendent on a spear, his burial vest :

While thus the herald cried—‘ This son of power,
This Saladin, to whom the nations bow’d,
May, in the space of one revolving hour,
Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud !’

Search where Ambition raged, with rigour steel’d ;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran ;
And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain’d
field, [man ?
Where lies the chief, and where the common

Vain then are pyramids, and motto’d stones,
And monumental trophies raised on high !
For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones
That, mix’d in hasty graves, unnoticed lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
Than the' other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-robed train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
And from the moral prospect learn,—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe with a blush complied
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd——Nicander cries,
' Descending from the radiant skies,
Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
The herald of connubial joy!
Draw him with all peculiar care,
Make him beyond Adonis fair;
Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
Let him have eyes of heavenly blue,
Lips softening in nectarious dew;
A lustre o'er his charms display,
More glorious than the beams of day.
Expect, sir, if you can succeed,
A premium for a prince indeed.'

His talents straight the painter tried,
And, ere the nuptial-knot was tied,

A picture in the noblest taste
Before the fond Nicander placed.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill;—
'Your execution's monstrous ill!

A different form my fancy made;
You're quite a bungler at the trade.

Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?

Where is the cheek's celestial glow?

Where are the looks so fond and free?

'Tis not a Hymen, sir, for me!

The painter bow'd—with this reply;—

'My colours an't, your honour, dry;

When time has mellow'd every tint,

'Twill please you—or the deuce is in't:

I'll watch the happy change, and then

Attend you with my piece again.'

In a few months the painter came

With a performance—(still the same:)

'Take it away (the husband cry'd),

I have repeated cause to chide:

Sir, you should all excesses shun;

This is a picture overdone!

There's too much ardour in that eye,

The tincture on the cheeks too high!

The robes have a lascivious play,

The attitude's too loosely gay.

Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,

Is too luxuriant—far too free.'

The painter thus—'The faults you find

Are form'd in your capricious mind;

To passion a devoted slave,

The first directions, sir, you gave;

Possession has repell'd the flame,

Nor left a sentiment the same.

‘ My picture is design’d to prove
The changes of precarious love.

‘ On the next staircase raised on high,
Regard it with a curious eye;
As to the first steps you proceed,
’Tis an accomplish’d piece indeed!
But as you mount some paces higher,
Is there a grace that don’t expire?’

So various is the human mind,
Such are the frailties of mankind,
What at a distance charm’d our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.* HOR.

TENANTS of liberty on Britain’s plain,
With flocks enrich’d, a vast unnumber’d store!
’Tis gone, the mighty George’s golden reign;
Your Pan, your great defender is no more!
The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Albion’s conquering oaks eternal spring,
In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,
And, silent, mourn the venerable king.
Hark! how the winds, oft bounteous to his will,
That bore his conquering fleets to Gallia’s shore,
After a pause, pathetically still,
Burst in loud peals, and through the forests roar.

On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,
Whilst laurel'd Victory distressful bows !
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our George's
brows.

The Muses mourn—an ineffectual band !
Each sacred harp without an owner lies ;
The Arts, the Sciences dejected stand,
For, ah ! their patron, their protector dies.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears
(So late by Love's designful labour dress'd),
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodged high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below ;
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle
With the slow music of a nation's woe.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate [try ?
Must monarchs, mix'd with common mortals,
Is there no refuge ?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the godlike, doom'd to die ?

Must the gay court be changed for Horror's cave ?
Must mighty kings that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitying grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rigorous law ?

If in the tent retired, or battle's rage, [ear,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Frederick's¹
He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

¹ King of Prussia.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally),
The solemn truth by sage Reflection taught,
That, spite of glory, Frederick's self shall die!

The parent's face a prudent painter hides²,
While Death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage.

So let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,
By sorrow taught her nerveless power to know:
When nations cry, their king, their father's dead!
The rest is dumb, unutterable woe.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,
And with returning hope a people cheers:
Look at yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd:
How awful, yet how lovely in his tears!

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh,
He droops, distress'd, like a declining flower,
Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,
Hails him, to hold the regal reigns of power.

The sainted sire to realms of bliss removed;
Like the famed phoenix, from his pyre shall
spring
Successive Georges, gracious and beloved,
And good and glorious as the parent king.

² In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

ON THE

FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

——— tibi, flores, plenis
Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis. VIRG.

O'ER Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring:
Rich flowerets (how fragrant!) rise wantonly round,
And Summer's wing'd choristers sing!

To greet the young monarch of Britain's bless'd
isle,

The groves with gay blossoms are graced!
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
And cowslips crowd forward in haste!

Dispatch, gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
Through woodlands, to gather each sweet:
Go: rob of young roses the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
For George, oh ye virgins, entwine!
From Conquest's own temples these evergreens
came,

And those from the brows of the Nine!

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to George shall belong!

What Miltons (the other), what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song!



To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of
power!

Whose honours with time shall increase!
Add a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flower,
Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by beauty's bright
Collected,—the pride of the grove! [queen
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love.

Let Gaul's captive lilies, cropp'd close to the
As trophies of conquest be tied: [ground,
The virgins all cry, 'There's not one to be found!
Out-bloom'd by his roses—they died.'

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share
With George, as our glories advance—
Through envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop,—
you'll despair,
And die—like the lilies of France.

F O R T U N E.

An Apologue.

Fabula narratur.

JOVE and his senators, in sage debate
For man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate
Turn'd their attention to inquire the cause.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came bráwling to the high imperial place,
' Let me have justice, Jupiter!—(he bray'd).

- ‘ I am an ass, of innocence allow’d
 The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still;
 While foxes, wolves, and all the murdering crowd
 Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.
- ‘ The pamper’d horse (he never toil’d so hard!)
 Favour and friendship from his owner finds;
 For endless diligence,—(a rough reward!)
 I’m cudgel’d by a race of paltry hinds.
- ‘ On wretched provender compell’d to feed!
 The rugged pavement every night my bed;
 For me dame Fortune never yet decreed
 The gracious comforts of a well thatch’d shed.
- ‘ Rough and unseemly’s my irreverent hide!
 Where can I visit, thus uncouthly dress’d?
 That outside elegance the dame denied,
 For which her favourites are too oft caress’d.
- ‘ To suffering virtue, sacred Jove! be kind;
 From Fortune’s tyranny pronounce me free:
 She’s a deceiver, if she says she’s blind,
 She sees, propitiously sees all—but me.’

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
 His bosom heaved a most tremendous groan!
 The race of long-ear’d wretches join’d the roar,
 Till Jove seem’d tottering on his high-built throne.

The monarch, with an all-commanding sound
 (Deepen’d like thunder through the rounds of space),
 Gave order—That dame Fortune should be found,
 To answer, as she might, the plaintiff’s case.

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train !

And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell,
With many a schoolman—But their search was
vain :

Few can the residence of Fortune tell.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide

His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare ;

'Twas rumour'd that dame Fortune did reside,

And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dress'd,

A feeble porter at the gate they found :

Doubled with wretchedness—with age distress'd,

And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

' Mortals, avaunt (the trembling spectre cries),

Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware !

To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprise

I am the sentinel—my name is Care.

' Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of mind,

These are the soldiers that surround his hall ;

And every Fury that can lash mankind,

Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

' Fortune's gone forth, you seek a wandering dame,

A settled residence the harlot scorns :

Curse on such visitants, she never came

But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns !

' To the green vale, yon sheltering hills surround,

Go forward, you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell :

Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,

None can direct your anxious search so well.'

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before),
Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
Wisdom perceived them, and unbarr'd her door.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)
Gave to their questions a serene reply :
' Hither (she said), if e'er that goddess came,
I saw her not—she pass'd unnoticed by.

' Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,
And leave to Poverty my humble cell :
She's my domestic, never stirs from home,
If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell.

' The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,
And see her sober footsteps this way bent !
Mark by her side a little rose-lipp'd maid, [tent.]
'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Con-

As Poverty advanced with lenient grace,
' Fortune (she cried) hath never yet been here :
But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
Tells me, her highness may in time appear.

' Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
On whom her golden bounty beams divine !
Yet though she never reach our rustic cot,
Patience will visit us—we sha'n't repine.'

After a vast but unavailing round,
The messengers returning in despair,
On a high hill a fairy mansion found,
And hoped the goddess Fortune might be there.

The dome, so glittering, it amazed the sight
('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er),
Had not a casement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invoked the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

As Echo from the hill announced high Jove,
Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew
(Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove):
And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Oft for that happiness high courts denied,
To this receptacle dame Fortune ran:
When harass'd, it was here she used to hide
From the wild suits of discontented Man.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
Fortune received them with a flattering air,
And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment seat.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd; though from different motives
keen:

Many—to see dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen.

Jove smiled, as on a favourite he esteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
Fair Fortune's an adventurer, it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

‘ Daughter (says Jupiter), you're sore accused!
Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
If by the rancour of that wretch abused,
Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

‘ Though pester’d daily with complaints from Man,
Through this conviction I record them not—
Let my kind providence do all it can,
None of that species ever liked his lot.

‘ But the poor quadruped that now appeals !
Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue ?

Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
‘ And all his wretchedness he lays to you.’

‘ Ask him, high Jupiter ! (replied the dame)
In what he has excell’d his long-ear’d class ?

Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
That she descends not to regard——an Ass ?

Fame enter’d in her rolls the sage reply ;
The dame defendant was discharged with grace.

‘ Go—(to the plaintiff, said the sire) and try
By merit to surmount your low-born race.

‘ Learn from the Lion to be just and brave,
Take from the Elephant instruction wise ;
With gracious breeding like the Horse behave,
Nor the sagacity of Hounds despise.

‘ These useful qualities with care imbibe,
For which some quadrupeds are justly prized :

Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
And you’ll no longer be a wretch despised.’

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER’D from the bright ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's impress'd:
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
May in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Ha'n't a floweret half so vain.



THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame
For what the Fates denied;
The fair Pastora chanced to pass,
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the watery glass,
And loved the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
A self admiring sweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair one's feet:
That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may—upon her bosom laid,
In sister sweets expire.

THE BROKEN CHINA.

SOON as the sun began to peep
 And gild the morning skies,
 Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,
 Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
 That waited on her still,
 Had teased her all the tedious night
 With visionary ill.

' Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
 Exclaim'd the timorous maid :
 What do these horrid dreams imply
 My Cupid can't be dead !'

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
 In dread of some mishap ;
 Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
 And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware,
 Her sumptuous table graced :
 The gentle emblems of the fair,
 In beauteous order placed.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepared
 To give the morning treat,
 When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,
 And bowing took his seat.

Well—chatting on of that and this,
 The maid reversed her cup ;
 And, tempted by the forfeit kiss,
 The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize :
Right fairly it was won :
With many a frown the fair denies ;
Fond baits to draw him on.

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this ;
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

But as he strove—O, dire to tell !
(And yet with grief I must)
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust !

‘ O fatal purport of my dream !
(The fair, afflicted, cried)
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childishness and pride :

‘ For in a kiss, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found ;
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.’

ON

SIR W—— B——T'S BIRTHDAY.

Does true felicity on grandeur wait ?
Delights she in the pageantry of show ?
Say, can the glittering gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happiness bestow ?

He that is just, benevolent, humane,
In conscious rectitude supremely bless'd,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,
Though the gay star ne'er blazed upon his breast.

Ye happy children of the hoary North,
 Hail the glad day that saw your patron born;
 Whose private virtues and whose public worth
 Might the rich seats of royalty adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
 And give a short, perhaps a quick relief;
 While the full heart, o'ercharged with public woe,
 Must labour through a long protracted grief.

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's
 blast)

The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;
 Think, Britons, think on all his triumphs past,
 And weep—your Warrior is—alas! no more.

Blight, we are told, respects the Conqueror's
 tree,

And through the laurel grove with caution flies:
 Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
 Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ———,

OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of Sorrow; go, attending sighs!
 Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
 The man they loved, the man they honour'd dies,
 And Charity's first steward is no more.

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?

Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?

Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,

So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,

Yet in the paths of virtue, steady—sure!

'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue—

'Think, (O remember) think upon my poor.'



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SLEIGH,

OF STOCKTON.

MUCH loved, much honour'd, much lamented
Sleigh!

The kindred virtues had expired with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die;
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.



ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE, how the buds and blossoms shoot;

How sweet will be the summer fruit!

Let us behold the infant rose;

How fragrant when its beauty blows!

The morning smiles, serenely gay;

How bright will be the promised day!

Contemplate next the charming maid,

In early innocence array'd;

If, in the morning of her years,
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noontide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-eyed must gaze.

TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A CHOICE COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

THOUGH, gentle youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the Spring serene,
Time may commit the passions unconfined
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then in the morn of placid life be wise,
And travel through the groves of science soon;
There cull the plants of virtue, that may rise
A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

SAY, loved Content—fair goddess! say,
Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,
How shall I find thy halcyon seat,
Or trace thy secret way?

Love pointed out a pleasing scene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
And named thee for its queen.

Delusion all!—a specious cheat!
At my approach the roses fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And cursed the fond deceit.

At courts I've tried, where splendour shone,
Where pomp and gilded cares reside,
'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,
But there thou wast unknown.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
Lodged with a long experienced sage,
With the famed Chiron¹ of the stage
The goddess deign'd to dwell.

Integrity and truth serene
Had eased the labours of his breast,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest
'Midst perfidy and pain.

A soul like his, disrobed of guile,
With native innocence elate,
Above the keenest rage of Fate,
Can greet her with a smile.

ON

SOME BUSSES BEING FITTED OUT
FOR THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boasts her
 sway,
Round the wide waste of our long slighted sea,
Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,
Let babbling tritons to the seagods tell

¹ He had been thirty years prompter at the London Theatre.

‘ Britain’s at last grown conscious of her shame ;
 Britain awakes her ravish’d rights to claim ;
 Britain!—see pale Batavians trembling at the
 name.’

Abash’d—confounded—let the dull Mynheer
 No more between our sacred banks appear.
 Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,
 Rifle our wedded waves before our face?
 Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse,
 And plant upon old Albion’s chalky brows?
 No, Britains! no—George and your Genius smile,
 And new-born beauties rise propitious to your isle !

ON HEARING

DAVID HUME, ESQ.

PARTICULARLY ADMIRER IN A COMPANY OF PETITS-
 MAITRES.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
 Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
 Moved by the bard’s enlivening lays,
 And sensible of song?

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
 With true pathetic fire,
 Unfolds the philosophic page,
 The very beaux admire !

ON GOLD.

BEAUTY’S a bauble, a trifle in price !
 ’Tis glass, or ’tis something as glaring ;
 But set it in gold—’tis so wonderful nice,
 That a prince should be proud in the wearing.

How feeble the transport when passion is gone!
How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
When kissing—and cooing—and toying are done,
'Tis gold must enliven the lover.

ON ALDERMAN W———.

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THAT he was born it cannot be denied.
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and died.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cause to lament;
Yet, faith, 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.

On the stone that was placed o'er his head
(When he mingled with shadows so grim)
These words may be every day read,
' Here lies the late Alderman Whim.'

MELODY.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows,
Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains:
But so much our shepherds dread him
(Spoiler of their peace profound),
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, though they felt no wound.

Now the wanton god grown slyer,
 And for each fond mischief ripe,
 Comes disguised in Pan's attire,
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe :
 Echo, by the winding river,
 Doubles his delusive strains ;
 While the boy conceals his quiver,
 From the slow-returning swains.
 As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Praised the sly musician's art,
 Love his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodged an arrow in his heart :
 Cupid will enforce our duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those who, timid, fly from Beauty,
 May by Melody be caught.

REPUTATION.

An Allegory.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserved their care,
 Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
 Talent refined, and Reputation fair.
 As they went on in their intended round,
 Talent first spoke :—‘ My gentle comrades, say,
 Where each of you may probably be found,
 Should accident divide us on the way.
 ‘ If torn (she added) from my loved allies,
 A friendly patronage I hope to find
 Where the Fine Arts from cultivation rise,
 And the sweet Muse hath harmonized mankind.’

Says Virtue, ‘ Did Sincerity appear,
 Or meek eyed Charity among the great;
 Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
 ’Tis among these I’d seek for my retreat.

‘ Could I find patriots for the public weal
 Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
 Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
 ’Tis among those my residence I’d choose.

‘ In glittering domes let Luxury reside;
 I must be found in some sequester’d cell,
 Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
 Where homebred Happiness delights to dwell.’

‘ Ye may be traced, my gentle friends, ’tis true,
 But who (says Reputation) can explore
 My slippery steps?—Keep, keep me in your view,
 If I’m once lost you’ll never find me more.’

INSCRIPTION

ON THE HOUSE AT MAVIS-BANK, NEAR EDINBURGH.

SITUATED IN A GROVE.

PARVA domus! nemorosa quies!
 Sis tu, quoque nostris
 Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
 Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomonaque mensas!
 Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
 Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
 Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
 Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
 Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!

Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

IMITATED.

PEACE has explored this silvan scene,
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye groves of variegated green,
That grace my genial seat!
Here, in the lap of lenient ease
(Remote from maddening noise),
Let me delude a length of days,
In dear domestic joys!

Long may the parent queen of flowers
Her fragrance here display!
Long may she paint my mantling bowers,
And make my portals gay!
Nor you, my yellow gardens, fail
To swell Pomona's hoard!
So shall the plenteous, rich regale—
Replenish long my board!

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
Ye birds! nor bondage dread:
If any toils entangle here,
'Tis those which Love hath spread.
Where the green hill so gradual slants,
Or flowery glade extends,
Long may these fair, these favourite haunts
Prove social to my friends!

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
 My happy halcyon seat!
 Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
 Far distant be its date!
 And when he makes, with iron rage,
 Thy youthful pride his prey,
 Long may the honours of thy age
 Be revered in decay!



INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

HANC in gremio resonantis sylvæ
 Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
 Cæterisque ruris honoribus,
 Undique renidentem villam,
 Non magnificam—non superbam;
 At qualem vides,
 Commodam, mundam, genialem
 Naturæ parem, socians artem.
 Sibi, suisque
 Ad vitam placide,
 Et tranquille agendum
 Designavit, instruxitque.

D. I. C.

IMITATED.

IN the deep bosom of my grove,
 A sweet recess survey!
 Where birds, with elegies of love,
 Make vocal every spray.

A silvan spot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
With all the rural honours blooming round!

This little but commodious seat
(Where Nature weds with Art)

A 'nt to the eye superbly great;
Its beauties charm the heart.

Here may the happy founder and his race
Pass their full days in harmony and peace!



EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES, AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems with such emphasis impart
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?

Hail sacred Masonry! of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of Truth, with never failing sway,
Makes the join'd parts of Symmetry obey!

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene command
The gentle arts in glad obedience stand;
Whose magic stroke bids fell confusion cease,
And to the finish'd orders yield its place;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confined,
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her Lodge an universal school,

Where nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
And sense and science join'd go hand in hand.

O! may her social rules instructive spread
Till Truth erect her long neglected head;
Till through deceitful night she dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brothers'
love.

AN INVITATION.

INCLUDING THE CHARACTERS OF THE PARTICULAR COMPANY THAT FREQUENTED MR. BUXTON'S ELEGANT COUNTRY HOUSE AT WESTON, THE FAMILY INTENDING FOR LONDON.

COME, Daphne! as the widow'd turtle true,
Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew!
Come, Delia! beauteous as the new-born spring,
With song more soft than raptured angels sing:
Let Thyrsis in the bloom of summer's pride
With folded arms walk pensive by her side.
Clarinda! come, like rosy morning fair,
Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere;
On her shall Cimon gaze with rude delight,
Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite.
Dorinda next—her gay good humour fled,
With silent steps and grief-dejected head!
Palemon! see, his tuneless harp unstrung
Is on the willow boughs neglected hung!
Come, Cælia! sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains:
Rosetta! pride of the extended plains:

With Phillis, whose unripen'd charms display
A dawn that promises the future day.
With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;
The conscious shades shall witness our despair:
To vales and lawns and woodlands late so gay,
Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray,
The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the social seat a long farewell!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

To an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.
Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
If the dull rules of duty are forgot,
Whatever ills from her defection rise,
The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bowers
In elegant array,
And scatters all her opening flowers,
A compliment to May,

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
I gaze delighted round,
And wish to see the various sweets
In one rich nosegay bound.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd
 To bless my wondering view;
 I see them all—my beauteous maid,
 I see them all in—You.

FRAGMENT.

Part of a Poem written on Miss Bellamy

WHEN IN DUBLIN.

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, untied,
 She soars, with sacred nature for her guide.
 The smile of peace—the wildness of despair—
 The softening sight—the soul-dissolving tear;
 Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew,
 Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art
 To search the soul, and trace the various heart;
 With native force, with unaffected ease,
 To form the yielding passions as you please!

Oldmixon's¹ charms, by melody impress'd,
 May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;
 But transient raptures must attend the wound
 Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!

Or should Mechel² all languishing advance,
 Her limbs display'd in every maze of dance,
 (The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;
 But breathing wit with judgment must unite
 To give the man of reason unconfined delight.

¹ A lady celebrated for singing.

² A dancer then in Smock Alley Theatre.

FRAGMENT.

To Mr. Woods,

ARCHITECT OF THE EXCHANGE AT LIVERPOOL.

WHERE Mersey¹ rolls her wealth-bestowing
waves,

And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;
Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides,
Unmoved by storms, unhurt by threatening tides;
Commerce—paternal goddess! sits serene,
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-topp'd spire;
Simple her seat—and artless her attire!
Around attendant priests in order wait,
Guiltless of pomp and ignorant of state:
The godhead's power though unadorn'd they own,
And bend with incense—at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld—she quits the ambient skies,
And thus the blue-eyed maid indignant cries—
'Is it for thee—my Woods!—to sit supine?
(Thy genius fraught with every grace of mine)
Is it for thee—to whose mysterious hand
Science—and sister arts obsequious stand,
Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?
No throne—no temple—no superior shrine!
Haste, haste! command the well wrought columns
rise,
And lift my favourite commerce to the skies.'

* * * * *

¹ The river Mersey at Liverpool.

RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,
I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate.

ACROSTIC ON POLLY SUTTON.

'PRAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces
(On a visit they came, and had just taken their
places). [faces:

Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your
Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright ye;
You've had compliment cards every day to invite
ye.'

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious pro-
ceeding;—

'Understand, dear mamma, there's some mis-
chief abreeding:

There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
That your loves and your graces all swerve from
their duty.' [put on;

'On my life (says dame Venus), I'll not be thus
Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me
Miss Sutton.'

ACROSTIC ON WIDOW MADDER.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows,
In the lap of northern snows;
Deserts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(Only let the nymph be there)
Wreaths of budding sweets would wear.

May would every fragrance bring,
 All the vernal bloom of spring :
 Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
 Dancing, would attend their queen :
 Every flower that Nature spreads,
 Rising where the charmer treads !

A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,
 He's captain at once to four different kings ;
 And though in their battles he boldly behaves,
 To their queens he's a cull, and a dupe to their
 knaves.

Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chase,
 Young Hobbinol's hunting the critical ace :
 On feasts or on fasts though the parson exclaim,
 Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game :
 Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold,
 For he's always at church—when a tithe's to be
 sold.

WITH A PRESENT.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice !
 Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim ;
 A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
 If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
 One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
 In value soars above an eastern gem,
 If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand—their due!
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

LINES SENT TO MISS BELL H—,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell
How I love my charming Bell,
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly
(Gracious in my fair one's eye),
Fly—your envied bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

Happy there, with waggish play,
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor every night
(Robb'd of his supreme delight),
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you'll be thrown aside.

EPIGRAPHE

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

EXECUTED BY MR. P. CUNNINGHAM, STATUARY IN DUBLIN.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A

CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

HYPOCRISY'S Son!

No more of your fun ;

A truce with fanatical raving :

Why censure the stage ?

'Tis known to the age

That both of us thrive by—deceiving.

'Tis frequently said

That two of a trade

Will boldly each other bespatter :

But trust me, they're fools

Who play with edged tools ;

So let's have no more of the matter.

FROM A

TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,

The mind and morals properly expand ;

Let Youth step forward to a busier spot,

Led by Discretion's cool conducting hand.

To learn some lessons from the schools of man,

(Forgive me!) I forsook my darling home ;

Not from a light, an undigested plan,

Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

In your affections—(let resentment fly !)

Restore me to my long-accustom'd place ;

Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,

And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

VERSES

WRITTEN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You'll cry, ' And has Cunningham time
To give so much verse to his friend?'

'Tis true, the reproof (though severe)
Is just from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better, for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
E'en take the dull lines I rehearse—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The Drama and I have shook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleasure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise.

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To Fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; through the day
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit—
At noon she'd her favours display,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns!
Her whimseys supply me with sport—
And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame—
I quietly hope to retire
When Time shall the summons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers, I grant, are confined,
But you are still one of the first,

PASTORALS.

DAY.

———— Carpe diem. HOR.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nursed by night, retire :
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale :
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd
 (Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sundrove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glittering flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows :
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dewdrop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines ;
 From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, uncheck'd, the sunbeams fall ;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a fluttering zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

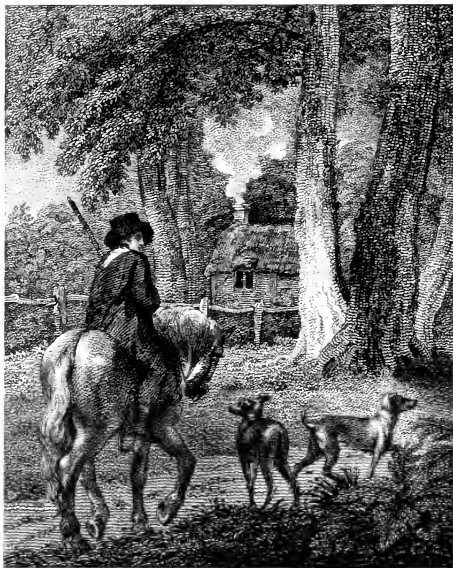
Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free (the furrow'd task is done);—
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.



CUNNINGHAM.
Trudging as the Plowmen go,
To the smoking Hamlet bound.

Evening

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),
Giantlike their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges, in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well poised milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu!

PALEMON.

PALEMON, seated by his favourite maid,
The silvan scenes with ecstasy survey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day:
Dared by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

This breeze by the river how charming and soft!
How smooth the grass carpet! how green!
Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft,
His music enlivens the scene!
A thousand fresh flowerets, unusually gay,
The fields and the forests adorn;
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

The skies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours descend on the plain;
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compass a strain:
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I silently rove,
I can't find a floweret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins so wantonly gay;
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
And brighter than common the day:

If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
 So rich why the landscapes appear?
 To give a right answer, how easy my task!
 Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along
 Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
 It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
 But Daphne sat then by my side.
 See, see the loved maid, o'er the meadows she hies!
 Quite alter'd already the scene!
 How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies!
 The hills and the hedges how green!

PHILLIS.

I SAID,—on the banks by the stream
 I've piped for the shepherds too long:
 Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song!
 But Pan¹ bade me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, though a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
 The dewdrop so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,
 Though brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
 Wants lustre compared to her eyes.

¹ Shênstone.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with hers to compare ;
And foolishly thought, till I tried,
The floweret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you mistake?
Your fault be with sorrow confess'd ;
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.
While thus I went on in her praise,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She smiled,——a reward for my song !
I find the god Pan 's in the right,
No fame's like the fair one's applause ;
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

P O M O N A.

ON THE CIDER BILL BEING PASSED.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compell'd to depart ;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
The goddess unburden'd her heart—
' To flourish where Liberty reigns,
Was all my fond wishes required ;
And here I agreed with the swains
To live till their freedom expired.
' Of late you have number'd my trees,
And threaten'd to limit my store :
Alas—from such maxims as these,
I fear that your freedom's no more.

- ‘ My flight will be fatal to May :
For how can her gardens be fine ?
The blossoms are doom’d to decay,
The blossoms, I mean, that were mine.
- ‘ Rich Autumn remembers me well :
My fruitage was fair to behold !
My pears—how I ripen’d their swell !
My pippins !—were pippins of gold !
- ‘ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs !
She droops as she furrows the soil ;
A nectar I shake from my boughs,
A nectar that softens my toil.
- ‘ When Bacchus began to repine,
With patience I bore his abuse ;
He said that I plunder’d the vine,
He said that I pilfer’d his juice.
- ‘ I know the proud drunkard denies
That trees of my culture should grow :
But let not the traitor advise ;
He comes from the climes of your foe.
- ‘ Alas ! in your silence I read
The sentence I’m doom’d to deplore :
’Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,
My orchard shall flourish no more.’
- The goddess flew off in despair ;
As all her sweet honours declined :
And Plenty and Pleasure declare,
They’ll loiter no longer behind.

DELIA.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And, sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be !
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young ;
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be ;
But not so dear (the thousandth part !)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fallen snow,
So white the beauteous pair !
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair !

When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

Donec gratus eram, &c. HOR.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;
But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows! [flies,
To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his
sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis
forgot!

And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rosebud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

H

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultured his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell:
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing
(Our hedges so vocal before),
Since he that should welcome the Spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd—they envied his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay:

A youngling it seems had been stole from its dam
(‘Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
That Corydon might, as he search’d for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot. ’

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise ;
‘Ye gods! if so killing (he cried) when she sleeps,
I’m lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I’ll onwards my lambkin to trace:’—
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail’d to the place.

‘Hush, hush’d be these birds, what a bawling
they keep!
(He cried), you’re too loud on the spray,
Don’t you see, foolish lark, that the charmer’s
You’ll wake her as sure as ’tis day: [asleep;
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose; [maid!
I’d pat him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose.’

Young Phillis look’d up with a languishing smile,
‘Kind shepherd (she said), you mistake;
I laid myself down just to rest me a while,
But trust me, have still been awake:’
The shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,
He placed himself close by her side,
And managed the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast;
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she
 Love slyly stole into my breast! [cast,
 I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
 'I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.'

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
 Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

THE RESPITE.

AH, what is't to me that the grasshopper sings!
Or what that the meadows are fair!
That (like little flowerets, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air!
Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign;
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclined to unite,
We twisted a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
Declared it the Mantle of Love.
The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defied,
We call it—the king of the grove;
He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
When he was not true to his love:
Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
His falsehood you're bound to display;
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick
 Prepared to make Phillida bless'd, [tree,
 And clasping the maid, from a heart full of glee,
 The cause of his absence confess'd:—
 High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
 Too often repeated would cloy;
 And respites—he found were the means to im-
 And lengthen the moments of joy. [prove

A PASTORAL¹.

WHERE the fond zephyr through the woodbine
 plays, [bower,
 And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling
 Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
 Impatient,—for 'tis pass'd—the promised hour!

Lend me thy light, O ever sparkling star!
 Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
 Look down, look down, from thy all glorious car,
 And beam protection on a wandering maid.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
 And pass, unnoticed, from malignant sight,
 This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
 And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The Moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud,
 Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
 My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.

¹ The hint taken from the 7th Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee :
 Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee Venus loves—first twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay !
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
 Assist me—for, alas ! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul——my Love !
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell :
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove :
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell !

ON THE BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

A PASTORAL HYMN TO JANUS.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota saludent,
 ——— te colat omnis honos. MART. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle shepherds ! raise a shrine :
 His honours be divine !
 And as to mighty Pan with homage bow :
 To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring ;
 Let him be hail'd like the green liveried
 Spring,
 Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
 Glides wantonly away :

But January¹, in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British Monarch
bless'd!

Could the soft Spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!
Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare?
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supplied?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on His brows appear:
Old Janus as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethroned.

Above the other months supremely bless'd,
Glad Janus stands confess'd!
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by:
Where, to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled every glory, every grace!

When he looks forward on the flattering year,
The golden hours appear,
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir.

¹ This poem was written on the supposition that her Majesty's birthday was really in the month of January.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs;
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Adored for her beauty above!
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.
The stockdove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
Ye virgins! be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds! in tune,
For music must welcome the May.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
That May is the mother of love.

ON THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

1771.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove
For shelter cry all the long day:
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds that so cheerfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
And, as they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies on carpets of green,
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
Not a sweetbriar sprig can be seen,
To finish this wreath for my head:
Some flowerets indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich though fantastical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year:
Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine,
To see their loved gardens undress'd,
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breast.

FABLES.

THE

ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow, [go;
Cried—‘ Bless your good worship wherever you
I hope your great mightiness won’t take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will.’
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
‘ Begone, you vile reptile (his Antship replied);
Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;

I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please :

Of nature (grown weary), you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way.’

The reptile insulted, and vex’d to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly’s dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch’s excell’d;

His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect and was trudging away :
' Stop, friend (says the Butterfly)—don't be surprised,

I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despised ;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way.'

MORAL.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with
sorrow, [morrow.
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his
bride : [clare,
She blush'd when she heard him his passion de-
And tenderly told him he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted ; as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From floweret to floweret he wantonly flies ;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold! [told!
 How feign'd, O you false one! the passion you
 'Tis an age since you left me:' she meant a few
 hours; [flowers:
 But such we'll suppose the fond language of
 'I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
 How—how could you stoop to a meanness like
 this? [spise,
 Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses de-
 Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
 On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape,
 Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
 Dull daffodils too were with ardour address'd,
 And poppies ill scented you kindly caress'd.'

The coxcomb was piqued, and replied with a
 sneer, [my dear;
 'That you're first to complain, I commend you,
 But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
 And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

'I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
 I saw how you simper'd and smiled in his arms;
 The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
 You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
 Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
 Your sweets were made common, false Rose!
 to a fly.'

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's Providence make,
 That every Coquette should be cursed with a
 Rake.

THE

SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE BUSH.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
 Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep :
 So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
 It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
 The sheep to his pasture inclined : [peace ;
 But ah ! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
 His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend ! who the thicket of law never tried,
 Consider before you get in ; [side,
 Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your
 By Jove, you'll be fleeced to the skin.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travel'd one day,
 With moral discourses cut shorter the way :

‘ 'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our
 guide !’

‘ How godlike is mercy !’ Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the
 wood,

Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
 Rush'd forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
 And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

‘ In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
 When mutton's at hand (says the Wolf), I must
 eat.’

Grimalkin's astonish'd—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

‘What a wretch (says the Cat)—’tis the vilest
of brutes!

Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage
and roots?’ [so good,

Cries the Fox—‘While our oaks give us acorns
What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood!’

Well, onward they march'd, and they moralized
still, [by a mill;

Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A Mouse too, that chanced from her covert to
stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried—‘Of such murders how guiltless am I!’
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

MORAL.

‘The faults of our neighbours with freedom we
blame,

But tax not ourselves, though we practise the
same.

TALES.

THE THRUSH AND PYE.

CONCEAL'D within a hawthorn bush,
We're told, that an experienced Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of Spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She carol'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the listening throng :
But, the' entangling boughs between,
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length the little wondering race
Would see their favourite face to face ;
They thought it hard to be denied,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'ermodest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tutoress sought ;
And loath to be too much admired,
In secret from the bush retired.

An impudent, presuming Pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—' My friends, you see
The mistress of the choir in me :

Here be your due devotion paid,
I am the songstress of the shade.'

A Linnet, that sat listening nigh,
Made the impostor this reply—
' I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
Were never form'd for warbling notes :
But if these lessons came from you,
Repeat them in the public view ;
That your assertions may be clear,
Let us behold as well as hear.'

The lengthening song, the softening strain,
Our chattering Pye attempts in vain,
For, to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a scream.

The birds, enraged, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :
The caitiff wretch, distress'd, forlorn !
On every side is peck'd and torn !
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——n¹, the tale apply,
You are, yourself, the chattering Pye :
Repent, and with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Thrush².

¹ An Ayrshire Bookseller, who pirated an edition of 'The Pleasing Instructor.'

² The Compiler and reputed Authoress of the Original Essays in that book.

THE PICTURE.

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command,
 Completed by a curious hand :
 For dabblers in the nice vertu
 His lordship set the piece to view,
 Bidding their connoisseurships tell,
 Whether the work was finish'd well.
 ' Why (says the loudest), on my word,
 'Tis not a likeness, good my lord ;
 Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
 Can I pronounce one feature just.'
 Another effort straight was made,
 Another portraiture essay'd ;
 The judges were again besought,
 Each to deliver what he thought.
 ' Worse than the first—(the critics bawl) ;
 O, what a mouth ! how monstrous small !
 Look at the cheeks, how lank and thin !
 See, what a most preposterous chin !'
 After remonstrance made in vain,
 ' I'll (says the painter) once again
 (If my good lord vouchsafes to sit),
 Try for a more successful hit :
 If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
 We'll have a piece to please you all.'
 To-morrow comes—a picture's placed
 Before those spurious sons of taste—
 In their opinions all agree,
 This is the vilest of the three.

‘ Know—to confute your envious pride
(His lordship from the canvass cried),
Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace :
I’ve tried you by a lucky trick,
And proved your genius to the quick.
Void of all judgment, justice, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence.’

The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despised—detected—and disgraced.



THE WITCH.

A WITCH, that from her ebon chair
Could hurl destruction through the air,
Or, at her all commanding will,
Make the tumultuous ocean still :
Once, by an incantation fell
(As the recording druids tell),
Pluck’d the round Moon, whose radiant light
Silver’d the sober noon of night,
From the domain she held above,
Down to a dark infernal grove.

‘ Give me (the goddess cried), a cause
Why you disturb my sacred laws ?
Look at my train, yon wandering host,
See how the trembling stars are lost !
Through the celestial regions wide,
Why do they range without a guide ?

Chaos, from our confusion, may
Hope for his old detested sway.'

' I'm (says the Witch) severely cross'd,
Know that my favourite squirrel's lost:
Search—for I'll have creation torn,
If he's not found before the morn.'

Soon as the impious charge was given—
From the tremendous stores of heaven,
Jove with a bolt—revengeful! red!
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let them beware the Witch's fate!
When their presumption's at the height,
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the cursed miscreants meet their doom.

O D E S.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

CEASE, gentle sounds, nor kill me quite
With such excess of sweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through every vital part;
A soft, a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood through every vein;
What, what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

Now wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire!
In soften'd raptures now I die!
Can empty sound such joys impart!
Can music thus transport the heart
With melting ecstasy!
O art divine! exalted blessing!
Each celestial charm expressing!
Kindest gift the gods bestow!
Sweetest good that mortals know!

When seated in a verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd;
The distant trees forsake the wood,
The listening beasts neglect their food,

To hear the heavenly sound;
The dryads leave the mountains,
The naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.
To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ:
See what soft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew:
Had Thyrsis lived in these remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
Apollo's harp unknown,
The shepherd had remain'd of song
The deity alone.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

HARK—how the soul of Music reigns,
As when the first great birth of Nature sprung,
When Chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the cherubs sung—
' Hail—hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.
' Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty clarions roar;
Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

‘ Mark—how his name with terror fills!
The magic sound Rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid treasons dwell;
The monster shall no more arise,
Upon the ground she panting lies!
Beneath his William’s foot she dies,
And now she sinks to hell.

‘ Haste—let Ierne’s harp be newly strung,
And after mighty George be William sung.

‘ Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William stands the first in story:
He, with British ardour glows:
See—the pride of Gallia fading!
See—the youthful warrior leading
Britons vengeful to their foes!

‘ Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts;
While Stanhope smiles, her sons are bless’d,
In native loyalty confess’d!

‘ See—O see, thrice happy isle!
See what gracious George bestow’d;
Twice¹ have you seen a Stanhope smile,
These are gifts become a god!

‘ How the grateful island glows!
Stanhope’s name shall be revered;
Whilst by subjects and by foes
Sacred George is loved and fear’d.

¹ Earls of Chesterfield and Harrington, both successively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

‘ Like Persians to the rising sun,
 Respectful homage pay ;
 At George’s birth our joys begun :
 Salute the glorious day!’

ODE

FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Arma virumque cano. VIRG.

MORE glorious than the comet’s blaze,
 That through the starry region strays ;
 From Zembla to the Torrid Zone,
 The mighty name of Prussia’s known.

Be banish’d from the books of fame,
 Ye deeds in distant ages done ;
 Lost and inglorious is the name
 Of Hannibal, or Philip’s son :
 Could Greece or conquering Carthage sing
 A hero great as Prussia’s king !

Where restless envy can’t explore,
 Or flatter’d hope presume to fly ;
 Fate bade victorious Frederic soar,
 For laurels that can never die.
 Could Greece, &c.

His rapid bolts tremendous break
 Through nations arm’d in dread array,
 Swift as the furious blasts that shake
 The bosom of the frightened sea.
 Could Greece, &c.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove,
With impious rage the giants tried;
'Gainst Frederic's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions died.
Could Greece, &c.

While prudence guides his chariot wheels,
Through virtue's sacred paths they roll;
Immortal truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In concert with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roses in the fields
Where Gaul's detested lilies die.

Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Frederic's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece or conquering Carthage sing
A chieftain famed like Prussia's king!

COMPOSED FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF THE LATE
GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

THE Muses' harps, by concord strung!
Loud let them strike the festal lay,
Waked by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Arise, paternal glory! rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

Behold his warlike banners wave !

Like Britain's oak the hero stands :

The shield—the shelter of the brave !

The guardian o'er the British bands !

Arise, paternal, &c.

He wrests the wreath from Richelieu's¹ brows,

Which fraud or faction planted there ;

France to the gallant hero bows,

And Europe's chiefs his name revere.

Arise, paternal, &c.

With partial conquest on their side,

The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew !

Rank but inglorious in their pride,

To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.

Arise, paternal, &c.

Hibernia², with maternal care,

His labour'd statue lifts on high :

Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,

That Blakeney's name may never die.

Arise, paternal glory ! rise,

And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

¹ Commander of the expedition against Port Mahon.

² A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

EPISTLES.



TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

LET bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And, timid at untasted joy,
Through fearfulness refuse.

Will you—the pleasing conflict tried,
Though sure to conquer—fly?
If you—the sacred zone untied,
'Tis peevish to deny.

But if, my fair! the widow's name
Hold gracious with you still,
The God of Love has form'd a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

Take, take me to thy twining arms
(Oppress'd with warm desire),
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

Thou'lt be a widow every night
(Thy wondrous power confess'd!)
And, as I die in dear delight,
My tomb shall be thy breast.

TO DELIA.

SAY, my charmer! right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue:
Be sincere, or else deceive;
Say you love—and I'll believe.

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?
Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke:
If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And, at Time's approach—expires.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

TO CHLOE,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

CONSIDER, sweet maid! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast;
It is not a haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you;
But should a bold tempest arise,
The billows, enraged, would affright you,
Loud objects of awful surprise.

'Tis thus when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of the fair;
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn love to despair.

TO MR. H——.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
You whisper and dance with the fair;
But merit advances, 'tis yours to give place;
Stand off, and at distance revere:
Nor tease the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
By her side as you saunter along;
Your taste—your complexion—your this—and
your that,
Nor lisp out the end of your song.

For folly and fashion you barter good sense
(If sense ever fell to your share),
'Tis enough you could pert *petit maître* commence,
Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.
No end you can answer; affections you've none;
Made only for prattle and play:
Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,
You'll die undistinguish'd away.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF POEMS,
WRITTEN BY NOBODY¹.

ADVANCE to Fame—advance reveal'd!
Let conscious worth be bold:
Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
Your genius brought to light;
And many a Somebody should learn,
From Nobody to write.

APOLLO,

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

FROM my critical court, at a quarterly meeting;
To my Harrowgate subjects this embassy greeting:
Whereas, from the veteran poets complaint is—
Their works are no longer consider'd as dainties;
And Shakspeare and Congreve, Farquhar and
others,
The tragical—comical—farcical brothers,
Petition us oft for some gents and some ladies [is].
(Our subjects, no doubt, since dramatic their trade
We govern their stational stage by direction,
And send them to you for your friendly protection;

¹ Robertson, an actor belonging to the York company.

'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies (the Muses),
We denounce him immensely ill bred that refuses.

Be it known, by the by, from our Helicon
fountain,

Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,
Your Harrowgate water directly proceeding,
Produces fine sense, with true taste and good
breeding. [question:

Talk of taste—none but heathens will call it in
Yet some insolent wits might advance a sug-
gestion,

While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
But find no Mæcenæ to smile on their labours.
Thus far we've proceeded your favour to curry,
And could tell ye much more, but we write in a
hurry.

SONGS.

MAY EVE;

OR,

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmly Sleep!
(Tis where you've seldom been),
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see ! the rosy May draws nigh ;
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
May praise the toasted belle ;
A country maid (in careless rhyme)
I sing—my Kitty Fell !

When larks forsake the flowery plain,
And love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join their morning strain,
In praise of Kitty Fell.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Kitty Fell.

When moonbeams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books ;
The sage forsakes his cell :
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were mine, ye great ! your envied lot,
 In gilded courts to dwell ;
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot
 With Love and Kitty Fell.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly press'd,
 While rapture fill'd each vein ;
 And as I touch'd her downy breast,
 Its tenant slept serene.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
 Betrays a peaceful mind ;
 Whilst my uneasy, fluttering heart,
 Would scarcely be confined.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
 Unmoved, when storms descend ;
 But, ah ! to every sporting breeze,
 The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

LET the declining damask rose
 With envious grief look pale ;
 The summer bloom more freely glows
 In Fanny of the Dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
 Or scents the morning gale,
 Can such a vernal fragrance yield—
 As Fanny of the Dale ?

The painted belles, at court revered,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale :
How faint their beauties when compared
With Fanny of the Dale!

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail ;
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

Might honest truth at last succeed,
And artless love prevail ;
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the Dale!

DAPHNE.

No longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes ;
Continued coyness kills desire,
And famish'd passion dies.
Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail ;
With all the rigours of disdain
You scorn'd my amorous tale.

When Celia cried, ' How senseless she,
That has such vows refused ;
Had Damon given his heart to me,
It had been kinder used.
The man's a fool that pines and dies,
Because a woman's coy ;
The gentle bliss that one denies,
A thousand will enjoy.'

Such charming words, so void of art,
 Surprising rapture gave;
And though the maid subdued my heart,
 It ceased to be a slave:
A wretch condemn'd shall Daphne prove;
 While, bless'd without restraint,
In the sweet calendar of love
 My Celia stands—a saint.

THYRSIS.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,
 In drowsy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod
 The daisy-painted ground:
When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
 Of slighted vows to tell,
And thus, to sooth neglected love,
 Invoked sad Philomel—

‘ The stars their silver radiance shed,
 And silence charms the plain;
But where’s my Philomela fled,
 To sing her lovelorn strain?
Hither, ah, gentle bird, in haste
 Direct thy hovering wing:
The vernal green’s a dreary waste
 Till you vouchsafe to sing.

So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow
 (Thy warbling song distress’d!)
The tear that tells the lover’s woe
 Falls cold upon my breast.

To hear sad Philomel complain
 Will soften my despair;
 Then quickly swell the melting strain,
 And sooth a lover's care.'

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,
 A listening sage replied,
 For what can constancy obtain
 From unrelenting pride?
 The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant, Death,
 Had seized his trembling frame;
 He bow'd, and with departing breath
 Pronounced Zaphira's name.



A MAN TO MY MIND.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despised,
 [mised;—
 To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are pre-
 I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
 (I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace;
 Not the squire that can wake to no joys but the
 chase; [bind:
 Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
 Neither this—that—nor the' other's the man to
 my mind.

Not the ruby-faced sot, that topos world without
 end; [friend;
 Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and
 Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's
 unkind: [mind.
 Neither this—that—nor the' other's the man to my

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding
or merit ;

Not the Flash, that's all fury without any spirit ;
Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind :
Neither this—that—nor the' other's the man to
my mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may con-
spire ;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour
This—this—and no other's the man to my mind.

TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

YES, every flower that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanted Rose
Had fix'd my wandering eye.

It scented every breeze
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell :

And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The Queen of Beauty greets
The gentle Queen of Flowers.

DAMON AND PHŒBE.

WHEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from
the skies,
A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May:
The swains and their sweethearts, all ranged on
the green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

Young Damon stepp'd forward: he sung in her
praise,
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays:
May this wreath, said the fair one, dear lord of
my vows,
A crown for true merit bloom long on thy brows:
The swains and their sweethearts that danced on
the green
Approved the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold; [told,
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has
been,
He's rich as a monarch—she's bless'd as a queen.

THE MILLER.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies:

No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content;
Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honest, though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Though simple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more bless'd than the man of the mill.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

THE' other day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:
'Silly heart (I cried), fie! What a flutter is here!
Young Damon designs you no ill;
The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prithee, fond urchin, lie still.'

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiss he demanded—no more !
But urged the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a score :
My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill ;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade,
For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;
And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
Although the dear shepherd be there :
At every fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will ;
There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE BY MR. SHIELD,

AND SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

IN spring, my dear shepherds ! your flowerets are
gay, [May,
They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of
But hang down their heads when December draws
near :

The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chant o'er the plains,
All, all are in love while the summer remains ;
Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear :
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love is when youth's in its prime :
Ye lads and ye lasses ! make use of your time ;
The frost of old age will too quickly appear :
The winter of life is like that of the year.

THE BIRTHDAY OF PHILLIS.

'TIS the birthday of Phillis ; hark ! how the birds
Their notes are remarkably sweet ; [sing !
The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
And scatter'd their pride at her feet.

With roses and ribands her lambkins are crown'd ;
A while they respectfully stand ;
Then on the gay land with a frolic they bound,
But first take a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds, in all the gay round of the year,
This, this is their principal day !
It gave Phillis birth ; and pray what can appear
More pleasing or lovingly gay ?

Hark ! hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene !
Ye lads with your lasses advance !
'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green :
And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array,
As if on this festival proud,
In order to give us a beautiful day,
Has banish'd each traveling cloud.

The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdess sigh'd !
Sweet Phillis !—I guess'd what she meant :
We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride ;
Her sigh was the sigh of consent.

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower
With fond impatience lay ;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day.
The rosy dawn Pastora named,
And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
But ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.
The fickle sex the boy defied,
And swore, in terms profane,
That Beauty in her brightest pride
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighbouring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was lost in Delia's arms.
The lovers had not long reclined
Before Pastora came :
' Inconstancy (she cried) I find
In every heart's the same ;
For young Alexis sigh'd and press'd
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wishing guest
That waited in the bower.'

THE WARNING.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cried he was rude ;
Though he begg'd with devotion, some ease for
his pain,
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain :

Fatigued with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquette!
She glanced to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion proved both but her jest.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When she found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dallied no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquette are two slighted old maids;
Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they
repent,
For transports untasted, for moments mispent!
Ye virgins, take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

SONG IN A PANTOMIME.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
Captives to her fond control;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning,
Fancy flies, a fairy queen!
Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,
Gives the prize to harlequin.

If the virgin's false, forgive her ;
Fancy was your only foe :
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great Britain's
success,

And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat :

Blithe Comus was placed
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declared there was choice of good
Yet vow'd to his thinking, [cheer ;
For exquisite drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's¹ for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best :

No gods—they all swore,
Regaled so before,

With liquor so lively, so potent and clear :
And each deified fellow

Got jovially mellow,

In honour, brave boys! of our Newcastle beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,

Repents he drank Helicon water so long :
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,

And gave the gay board an extempore song :

¹ Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

But ere he began
He toss'd off his can :
There 's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear :
Then sang, with great merit,
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found in our Newcastle beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It braced up his nerves and enliven'd his powers ;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear :
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests ;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts :
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear ;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom Physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death !
Ye wretches, whom Law and her ill looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath !
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,

No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle beer.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

IN holiday gown, and my newfangled hat,
Last Monday I tripp'd to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,—
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy
(The vixen would fain be his bride),
Some token she claim'd, either riband or toy,
And swore that she'd not be denied:
A topknot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear!
He flatter'd, he promised, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burden he sung;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire
(Our cottage was distant a mile),
I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile :
His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in
He led me the meadows among, [his eye,
There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

NOT a hundred years since, when elections went
round,

Old Honour and Truth were in Burgundy drown'd ;
The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,
Wide open'd their stomachs, but closed up their
Derry down, &c. [eyes.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,
And Judgment no longer right balanced her scale ;
In wine was fair freedom remember'd no more,
And Cash kick'd old Liberty out of the door.
Derry down, &c.

When the candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at the
coin,

Nor spared the brown bumper nor venal sirloin ;
Ate and drank when they could : 'twas concluded,
my friends !

They might fast when the candidate compass'd his
Derry down, &c. [ends.

Let the case now be alter'd ; let talents be tried,
Let national virtue alone be your guide ;

Let us scorn to be bias'd by party or pelf,
And vote for our country, forgetful of self.

Derry down, &c.

Let honour, let honesty, stand in your view;
To freedom be constant, to liberty true. [hit;
Let me tell you, my friends! the right nail you have
If you fix on the man that's a friend to old Pitt.

Derry down, &c.

Let no low-minded motives your principles shake,
But weigh the case well, for your safety's at stake.
For him that has honour and truth for his plan
Give your voices, my boys! and it's Shaftoe's the
Derry down, &c. [man.

ANOTHER.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with good
cheer,

And, forced to drink water, despise our brown beer:
That there's truth in full bumpers it can't be denied;
Then toss off your glasses—let Truth be your guide.

Derry down, &c.

Poor Lewis the Little full fatally knows
That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;
And the Sirloin, now knighted, that smokes on the
board,

May in times of preferment be titled my Lord.

Derry down, &c.

Let the scribblers exclaim—they're a finical tribe!
May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a
bribe?

If cash does not circulate properly—trade
Grows lazy, and lags like a founder'd old jade.

Derry down, &c.

But to banter no longer—Our candidates seem
Men of honour, of worth, and of public esteem :
It were well for Dame Britain, her freedom and
laws,

If such, and such only e'er handled her cause.

Derry down, &c.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,
Their contest is meant for their countrymen's good :
When danger alarms us or glory commands,
Our lives and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c.

That they both have their merits, it must be allow'd ;
But, sons of cool Reason! step forth from the
crowd ;

If weighty experience can balance the day,
Give your voices, my boys! 'tis for Shaftoe. Huzza!

Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

WHERE the rich Wear ¹, with wandering grace,
In gay profusion runs,

The guardian genius of the place

Harangued his freeborn sons :

The burden of his sacred strain

Was ' Shaftoe, live!—live, generous Vane!'

' Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,

Revered in gothic pride,

And wisdom, with meridian smiles,

Expands on every side,

¹ The river Wear, that runs through the city of Durham.

Distinguish'd in bright honour's train,
Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

The noble heart that truth refines
(With conscious worth replete)
More useful than Peruvian mines,
Adds virtues to the state ;
Such patriot virtues as remain
With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

Confirm, my sons ! confirm my choice,
And call my favourites forth,
Since fame approves the general voice,
And merit stamps their worth.
None can your sacred rights maintain
Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.'

The Genius ceased—from every part
Applause like lightning ran ;
Conviction fired each glowing heart,
And catch'd from man to man :
Loud echoes fill'd the gladdening plain
With ' Shaftoe live !—live, generous Vane !'

SONG.

HE that Love hath never tried,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of Delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health ?
Without Love his tribute brings ;—
Impotent, unmeaning things !

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
 Still be tender, still sincere;
 Love and Time, united, do
 Wonders if the heart be true.

THREE PART CATCH.

'Tis in view—(the rich blessing kind nature be-
 stow'd,
 To conquer our sorrows, or lighten the load)
 A full flask!—the rich nectar this bottle contains
 In a flood of fresh rapture shall roll through our
 veins.
 Let it bleed—and, carousing this liquor divine,
 Sing a hymn to the god that first cultured the vine.

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

GIVE the toast—my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!
 Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
 full bowls; [down,
 Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought
 And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

FROM my favour, sense rejected,
 Fools by Fortune are protected:
 Fortune, Harlequin! hath found you,
 Happiness will hence surround you.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,
 Quick contrivance this¹ bestows you!
 Valour makes the fair adore you;
 This² shall drive your foes before you.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure!
 Take this purse of magic treasure;
 Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
 Joy and jollity attend you.



LOVE AND CHASTITY.

A Cantata.

FROM the high mount³, whence sacred groves
 Diana and her virgin troop descend; [depend,
 And while the buskin'd maids with active care
 The business of the daily chase prepare,
 A favourite nymph steps forward from the throng,
 And thus, exulting, swells the jocund song—

‘ Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud sounding
 Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace; [horn,
 And Joy sings a hymn to salute the sweet morn,
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase :

¹ A hat.² A sword.³ Mount Latmos.

The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight, [plains,
All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the
And sleep with contentment all night.'

Their clamour roused the slighted god of love:
He flies, indignant, to the sacred grove:
Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair,
His rosy wings perfume the wanton air;
Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs de-
clare.

A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,
A frown succeeds—She stops the springing chase,
And thus forbids the boy the consecrated place.

‘Fond disturber of the heart,
From these sacred shades depart:
Here's a blooming troop disdains
Love and his fantastic chains.
Sisters of the silver bow,
Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
Melt not at thy feeble fires,
Wanton god of wild desires!’

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
Whilst thus the angry goddess he address'd:

‘Virgin snow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of day
Smiles and wastes its pride away.
What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.’

Now, through the forest's brown embower'd
ways,
With careless steps the young Endymion strays;
His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his every feature form'd for love:
Around the listening woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung—

‘ Where the pebbled streamlet glides
Near the woodnymph's rustic grot,
If the god of sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot:
Hither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this grassy bed,
On the bank beside the stream.’

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:
The goddess gazed, in magic softness bound;
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground;
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart,
Unerring; to her undefended heart.
She feels in every vein the fatal fire,
And thus persuades her virgins to retire—

‘ Ye tender maids! be timely wise,
Love's wanton fury shun;
In flight alone your safety lies;
The daring are undone.

‘ Do blue-eyed doves, serenely mild,
 With vultures fell engage?
 Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
 Or tempt the tiger’s rage?
 ‘ No, no; like fawns, ye virgins! fly;
 To secret cells remove;
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try
 ’Twixt Chastity and Love.’

AMPHITRYON.

AMPHITRYON and his bride, a godlike pair!
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
 On thrones of gold in purple triumph placed,
 With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
 Enraptured, thus, the happy hero sung—

‘ Was mighty Jove descending
 In all his wrath divine,
 Enraged at my pretending
 To call this charmer mine;
 His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I’d deride:
 Not Heaven itself can sunder
 The hearts that love has tied.’

The thunderer heard,—he look’d with vengeance
 down,
 Till beauty’s glance disarm’d his awful frown.
 The magic impulse of Alcmena’s eyes
 Compell’d the conquer’d god to quit his skies;
 He feign’d the husband’s form, possess’d her
 charms,
 And punish’d his presumption in her arms.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not, when won :
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Boast it—and the fool's undone !

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

INCANTATION.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
IN A PANTOMIME.

HECATE.

FROM the dark, tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the Sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of enchantment, rise.

[*The Witches appear.*]

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath !
Welcome to the blasted heath !
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams ! with attention keen,
Wait the wish of Harlequin :
Many a wonder must be done
For my first, my favourite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate, for your favourite son.

PROLOGUES.

SPOKEN AT THE
REOPENING OF THE YORK THEATRE,
HAVING BEEN ENLARGED AND DECORATED.

ONCE on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter-skelter,
The deity implored the hind for shelter.

Philemon placed his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dried him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.
Jove was so pleased with these good-natured sal-
Philemon's cot he conjured to a palace. [lies,
Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us
(Oft from the boxes we perceived her spy us),
Whether she liked us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserved her favours,
I know not: but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounced were scarcely
ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended:

And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye;
 'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the Boxes*] she designs to meet ye:

Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
 But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

SPOKEN AT THE

OPENING OF A THEATRE AT WHITBY.

FROM Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe
 —and others—

The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian brothers!
 Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
 To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's compliance;

Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!
 Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
 And Taste's determined by their approbation.

The tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
 Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror:
 And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
 Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.

The comic glass, from modern groups collected,
 Shows fops and fools of every class—dissected:
 It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings,
 And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
 We'll blend with honest mirth some wholesome satire.

Now for our bark—the vessel's tight and able!
 New built!—new rigg'd [*Pointing to the Scenes*]
 with canvass, mast, and cable!
 Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,
 Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
 For though with heart and hand we heave to-
 gether, [ther:
 'Tis your kind plaudit must command the wea-
 Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales attend us,
 Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.



ON THE

OPENING OF THE SAME THEATRE.

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
 And by his kind affections call'd for home;
 When the bold youth that every climate tries
 'Twixt the blue bosoms—'twixt the seas and
 skies—

When he beholds his native Albion near,
 And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
 What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy dress'd,
 What filial sentiments expand his breast!
 In the full happiness he forms on shore,
 Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
 Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
 With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
 To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
 We bend with gratitude for favours past.
 That our light bark defied the rage of winter,
 Rode every gale—nor started e'en a splinter;

[*Looking about.*

Well—though the frigate's not so much be-
dizen'd,

'Tis snug enough—'tis clever for the size on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury Lane or Common Garden.

[*Bell rings.*

Avast!—a signal for the launch, I fancy:
What say you¹ Sam and Dick and Doll and
Nancy?

Since they have trimm'd the pleasure barge so
tightly,
Shan't you and I and Sal come see them nightly?
The jolly crew will do their best endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er behap them
Than to behold you pleased, and hear you clap
them.

TO ' LOVE AND FAME.'

SPOKEN AT SCARBOROUGH.

[*Entering.*

WHERE is this author?—bid the wretch appear,
Let him come in, and wait for judgment—here.
This awful jury, all impatient, wait;—
Let him come in, I say, and meet his fate!
Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!
(Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds)
Know ye to-night, that his presumptuous works
Have turn'd good Christians into—Heathen
Turks?

¹ To the Gallery.

And if the genius an't corrected soon,
In his next trip, he'll mount us to the moon.

Methinks I hear him say—' For mercy's sake,
Hold your rash tongue—my Love and Fame's
at stake;

When you behold me—diffident—distress'd!

'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jest:

Well—if you will—but why should I distrust?

My judges are as merciful as just;

I know them well, have oft their friendship tried,
And their protection is my boast—my pride!

Hoping to please, he form'd this bustling plan;
Hoping to please! 'tis all the moderns can:

Faith! let him scape, let Love and Fame survive,
With your kind sanction keep his scenes alive;

Try to approve (applaud we will exempt),

Nor crush the bardling in this hard attempt.

Could he write up to an illustrious theme,

There's mark'd upon the register of Fame

A subject—but beyond the warmest lays!

Wonder must paint, when 'tis a Granby's praise.

ON OPENING THE
NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE.

1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an evening's care;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?

Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleased when he grasps a glittering thousand
more?

Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To every question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has received us to our favourite seat.

O that the soul of action were but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful offering, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest.



TO 'THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.'

A PIECE ADAPTED TO THE STAGE FROM OSSIAN'S
POEMS. 1763.

To form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit;
To touch a sacred muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan proposed by our compiler.

Though Caution told him—the presumption's
glaring!

Dauntless, he cried;—'It is but nobly daring!

Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
 Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic!
 Here are no lines—in measured pace that trip it,
 No modern scenes—so lifeless! so insipid!
 Wrought by a muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd
 her)

'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!

'Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming
 (The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming),
 In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
 One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus;
 And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
 That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo.'

Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
 He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
 As from his text he ne'er presumed to wander,
 But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
 To an impartial judgment we submit him,
 Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

TO 'RULE A WIFE.'

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew;
 A strange irregular he sets in view!
 'Mongst us—thank Heaven—the character's un-
 known

(Bards have creative faculties we own),
 And this appears a picture from his brain,
 Till we reflect—the lady lived in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
 'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;

Their merit's by the foil conspicuous made,
And they seem brighter from contrasting shade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.
Shall subject man assert superior sway,
And dare to bid the angel sex obey?
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Despotic, call the reins of power his own?
Forbid it, all that's gracious—that's polite!
(The Fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet, though from Fletcher's school,
That every husband has a right to rule.

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
Where neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns,
Where male and female condescend by turns;
Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
And let the word obey—be condescend!



SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES,
ON OPENING THE EDINBURGH THEATRE
IN 1763.

To rectify some errors that of late
Had crept into the bosom of our state;
To court Propriety, a matron chaste!
To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste;
To alter—to adopt—to plan—revive,
To spare no pains to make the drama thrive;
These are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty¹ sanction'd, and approved by Sense².

¹ The Boxes.

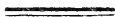
² The Pit.

Suppose some Corydon—some country swain,
Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn should seek the dappled glade,
To form a nosegay for the favourite maid;
When he had cropp'd the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the fairest from the flowery ranks,
He'd range in order every blooming sweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of Fancy we'll explore,
And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,
To form those chaplets we compose for you.

Now to attack you in a martial strain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And that our plan of action may succeed,
Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the
Tweed.

Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear
(Though universal patronage be here),
Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
Some kind impressions for our new supplies.



SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH,

ON MRS. BELLAMY'S FIRST APPEARANCE THERE.

IN early days, when Error sway'd mankind,
The scene was censured and the stage confined:
As the fine arts a nobler taste supplied,
Old Prejudice grew fainter—droop'd—and died.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date,
If she'd arrive at a meridian height:

From sanction is the English stage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,
New to this northern scene, to-night appears,
Intent—howe'er unequal to the fight,
To hit—what critics call—the 'happy right:'
She builds not on your sister's¹ fond applause,
But timidly to you submits her cause:
For Taste refined may as judicial sit
Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear;
The sons of genius are the least severe.
Some favour from the fair she's sure to find;
So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
And hopes you gracious—as we know you just.

ON REVIVING

'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,'

AT THE TIME A BILL HAD PASSED FOR NATURALIZING THE
JEWS.

'TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions
or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;
Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much
by slander, [wander:
Both lawless, alike, have been sentenced to
Then, faith, 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome
to speak it! [take it.
But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I

¹ London.

Well—now to the point—I'm sent here with
 commission,
 To present this fair circle our humble petition :
 But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
 ceeding,
 Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding;
 And convinced we've no funds, nor old gold we
 can rake up, [Jacob;
 Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and
 We must frankly confess we have nought to pre-
 sent ye, [tent ye.
 But Shakspeare's old sterling—pray let it con-
 This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to re-
 store ye,
 Was naturalized oft by your fathers before ye;
 Then take him to-night to your kindest compas-
 sion,
 For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

FOR SOME COUNTRY LADS, PERFORMING
 ' THE DEVIL OF A WIFE,'
 IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,

IN days of yore, when round the jovial board,
 With harmless mirth and social plenty stored,
 Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
 And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale;
 In struts St. George, Old England's champion
 knight,
 With hasty steps, impatient to recite—
 How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight.
 From every side—from Troy—from ancient
 Greece,
 Princes pour in to swell the motley piece;

And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our simple stage-play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confess,
But give you Nature in her homespun dress;
No heroes here—no martial men of might;
A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
His strap, more famed than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoness, a scold!
Indulgent then support the cobbler's cause,
And though he mayn't deserve it, smile applause.

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER¹.

SPOKEN AT SHREWSBURY, WHERE MR. FARQUHAR IS SAID
TO HAVE WRITTEN THAT COMEDY.

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades,
From groves of bliss, poetic painted meads,
Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels,
Obedient to his own recruiting drum; [come,
Conscious to-night of the superior grace,
The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,
Here would he fix—enraptured, here abide,
And change Elysium for the Severn's side.

Let boasting Rome of one Mæcenās tell,
Countless are those that by the Severn dwell;
Parnassus' Mount let future bards disclaim,
Hark! how the Wrekin's² hospitable name
Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame.

¹ Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the Recruiting Officer to his friends.

² The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

Sabrina³! softest nymph that glides along,
 Winding and various as her Farquhar's song,
 Indulgent smiled, to bless the poet's toil,
 And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd
 the generous soil. [mix'd!

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness
 Here—true politeness has her standard fix'd!
 Here—let the Muse her sacred numbers swell,
 And here let sportive wit and gay-dress'd humour
 O, may our secondary labours find [dwell!
 The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
 So may Salopian plains, that bloom so gay,
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May!

INTRODUCTION,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
 TO A PLAY PERFORMED THERE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
 WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THAT PLACE.

ON widows—orphans—left, alas! forlorn
 (From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn),
 Humanity to-night confers relief,
 And softens though she can't remove their grief:
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
 The sons of sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
 Behold the wretched matron—madly weep,
 And hear her cry—' My joys are in the deep!'
 To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
 Lord of the seas—the calm and boisterous wind,
 We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd.
 His ways, inscrutable, we can't explore,
 No—we may wonder, but we must adore!

³ The poetical name for the river Severn.

Happy for ever be the generous breast
 That feels compassion for the poor distress'd ;
 Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear !
 Such hands there are, and such we find are here.

PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREEMASONS,

DELIVERED FROM THE STAGE BY A LADY, AT A COMEDY
 COUNTENANCED BY THAT FRATERNITY.

BROTHERS !—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting,
 But from the female world I wait you—greeting :
[*Courtesies.*]

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
 That make them hope to be received as Masons :
 To keep a secret,—not one hint expressing,
 To rein the tongue—O husbands, there's a blessing !

As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
 Why should the fair be barr'd from—Installation ?
 If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us ;
 Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us ;
 Think—brothers—think, and graciously admit us ;
 Doubt it not, sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us :
 How to be wiser and more cautious, teach us ;
 Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us :
 The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
 Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
 Were caused (if I've a grain of penetration)
 From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
 Accept us then, to brotherhood receive us,
 And virtue, we're convinced, will never leave us.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, IN THE CHARACTER OF
LADY FANCIFUL.

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nursed her till her power became despotic;
Till every would-be Beauty of the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation.
But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful,
The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her *bagatelles*,—her whine—her whim-
per—

[per;

Her loll—her lisp—her saunter—stare—her sim-
All *outrés*, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To Insipidity she gives—grimaces.

Without her dear coquettish arts to aid them,
Fine ladies would be just as—Nature made them,
Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,
The jest of modern *belles* and *petits-mâîtres*.

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger:
But as the foreign phantom's—here a stranger,
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her:
For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.

SPOKEN AT NORWICH, IN THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK,
IN 'LOVE IN A VILLAGE.'

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
When, Sibyllike, she's skill'd in penetration;
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And rides about the rocks that others dash on;
When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wish the wise would tell us,
Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows?

In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!
Without a subject she can talk—for ever!
Rich in old saws, can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote, upon occasion, lawyer's Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobus corum*,
'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoness on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of ripening beauty;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find them;
We can detect before the fair design'd them.

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undenied, and the' assertion's common,
That modern physic is a mere old woman.
The puny fop that simpers o'er his tea-dish,
And cries—'Indeed—Miss Deborah's—quite old
maidish!

Of doubtful sex, of undetermined nature,
In all respects is but a virgin *creature*.'

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting!
There's nothing in the state itself disgusting;
Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
Are valued from propriety of carriage:
If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide them,
It matters not though coxcombs may deride them;
And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
A certain truth! say——Deborah Woodcock
said it.

TO 'THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.'

IN fond romance let fancy reign creative!
Valour among the northern hills is native;
The northern hills ('tis proved by Ossian's story),
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour,
Repel in love or war the hero's vigour. [ponder,

When Honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to
And as he fought, the favourite maid grew fonder:
The brave by Beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had every power descriptive;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanced the story,
And raised the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye infidels! and stand confuted:

Did ye but see the demons that descend,
The cares convulsive that on cards attend;
The midnight spectres that surround your chairs
(Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs),
You'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,
To the domestic blessings you despise.
Or if you've no regard to moral duty, [Beauty.'
(Tis trite but true)—Quadrille will murder
Taste is abash'd, (the culprit!) I'm acquitted,
They praise the character they lately pitied;
They promise to reform—relinquish play,
So break the tables up at—break of day.

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKEN AT ALNWICK,
ON RESIGNING THE PLAYHOUSE

TO A PARTY DETACHED FROM THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

'To Alnwick's lofty seat, a silvan scene!
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go (says the god of wit)—my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now; go, spread my banners
there.'

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
Here—we behold a gently waving wood!
There—we can gaze upon a wandering flood!
The landscape smiles!—the fields gay fragrance
wear!

Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air!
Slender repast indeed, and but camelion fare!

A troop at certain times compell'd to shift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
By tyrant managers a while consign'd
To fatten on what forage they can find;
With lawless force our liberty invades, [shades:
And fain would thrust us from these favourite
But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the fa-
vours
So kindly indulged to our simple endeavours;
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,
And wish we could say, we gave place to our
betters.

SPOKEN BY

MRS. G——, AT HER BENEFIT.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,
And quite unpractised in poetic lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighbouring poultry gather round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well known way;
His consort next, she guides his chattering train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next stalks the turkey cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest;

The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast.

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest),
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat,
And thinks the hostess thank'd that he vouchsafed
to eat.

A linnet, perching on a neighbouring tree,
The well provided banquet chanced to see;
She lights and, mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most at free expense will do;
Then singling from the mercenary throng,
Repaid the generous donor with a song.

Could well wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind patrons! of a warm good will.

SPOKEN BY

A CHILD OF NINE YEARS OLD.

As the wise ones within have assured me it's
common

For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents as well as another,
Good folks!—I ran forward—in spite of my mother. [case is;

Don't tell me, says I—they shall know how the
I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces:
I was born a coquette—and, by Godes, I'm not
idle;

I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle;

Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

O, may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee!
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
Defended once the famed Hesperian tree!
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
With anxious eyes, eternally awake.

EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK, AT A CHARITABLE BENEFIT
PLAY, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill fortune cease,
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace!
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts,
To stamp Fraternity on generous hearts;
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dewdrops to the sunburnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

¹ Her sister's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night,

¹ Countess of Northumberland.

An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal
 rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live,
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant Time revered,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spared,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals saves their name.

EPIGRAMS.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple grays,
And the other's shoes are paid for.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
'In peace (cried the wretch) let me give up my
And Fate will soon rub out my score.'
'Come, bailiffs (cries Doll), (how I'll hamper this
Let the law be no longer delay'd, [cheat!]
I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
And, by God, he shan't die till I'm paid.'

APOLLO—TO MR. C— F—,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

WHETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine:
I wish my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermin.
A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him:
As you've some common sense to spare,
I'll pay what you may lend him.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, 'Churchill's dead:'

Says Richard, 'Tom, you lie;
Old Rancour the report hath spread,
But Genius cannot die.'

Postscript.

WOULD honest Tom G——d get rid of a scold,
The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazenfaced wife.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the gordian string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

ON SEEING J. C. C——FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shows his want of shame.

Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot!
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and in your Grub-street garret
Hang yourself and paltry Muse.

Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F——x (he must not want a dinner),
Send the scribbler half a crown.

IMITATIONS.

ANACREON.

ODE V.

SHED roses in the sprightly juice,
Prepared for every social use!
So shall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselves, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose, we greet,
We worship thee, delicious sweet!
For, though by mighty gods caress'd,
You deign to make us mortals bless'd.

The Cupids and the Graces fair
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair;
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre:
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his favourite ton:
Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

ANACREON.

ODE IX.

‘ TELL me (said I), my beauteous dove
(If an ambassadress from love),
Tell me, on what soft errand sent,
Thy gentle flight is this way bent ?

‘ Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed
As in the quivering breeze they spread !

‘ A message (says the bird) I bear
From fond Anacreon to the fair ;
A virgin of celestial grace !
The Venus of the human race !

‘ Me, for a hymn or amorous ode,
The Paphian Venus once bestow’d
To the sweet bard ; for whom I’d fly
Unwearied to the farthest sky.

‘ Through the soft air he bade me glide
(See, to my wing his billet’s tied),
And told me ’twas his kind decree,
When I return’d, to set me free.

‘ ’Twould prove me but a simple bird,
To take Anacreon at his word :
Why should I hide me in the wood,
Or search for my precarious food,
When I’ve my master’s leave to stand
Cooing upon his friendly hand ;
When I can be profusely fed
With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
And, welcomed to his nectar bowl,
Sip the rich drops that fire the soul ;
Till in fantastic rounds I spread
My fluttering pinions o’er his head :

Or if he strike the trembling wire,
 I perch upon my favourite lyre;
 Till lull'd into luxuriant rest,
 Sleep steals upon my raptured breast.

‘Go, stranger—to your business—go,
 I’ve told you all you wish’d to know:
 Go, stranger,—and I think you’ll say,
 This prattling Dove’s an arrant Jay.’

ANACREON.

ODE XIV.

WHY did I with Love engage!
 Why provoke his mighty rage!

True it is, the wandering child
 Met me with an aspect mild,
 And besought me, like a friend,
 At his gentle shrine to bend.
 True, from my mistaken pride
 Due devotion was denied,
 Till (because I would not yield)
 Cupid dared me to the field.

Now I’m in my armour clasp’d,
 Now the mighty lance is grasp’d,
 But an Achillean spear
 Would be ineffectual here,
 While the poison’d arrows fly
 Hot as lightning from the sky.

Wounded through the woods I run,
 Follow’d still by Beauty’s son,
 Arrows in malignant showers
 Still the angry urchin pours;
 Till exhausting all his store
 (When the quiver yields no more),

See the god—a living dart,
Shoots himself into my heart.

Freedom I must now resign;
Victory, oh Love! is thine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within?

ANACREON.

ODE XIX.

OLD Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
Drink from her kind maternal breast:
Lest angry Ocean should be dry,
The rivergods their stores supply:
The Monarch of the glowing day
Drinks large potations from the sea:
And the pale Empress of the night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All—all things drink—abstemious sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

ANACREON.

ODE XXXIII.

To the Swallow.

SOON as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird! you fly;
And, with golden sunshine bless'd,
Build your pretty, plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile),
Charming bird ! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the swallow, love ! depart ;
Respite for a while my heart.

No ; he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast !
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly ;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping through the shell :
In a state unfinish'd, rise
Thousands of a smaller size.

Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
Till, mature, they're fit to breed ;
Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more :
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

ANACREON.

ODE XXXVI.

FILL me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up ;
From my veins the thirsty day
Quaffs the vital strength away.
Let a wreath my temples shield,
Fresh from the enamel'd field ;

These declining roses bow,
Blasted by my sultry brow.

Flowerets, by their friendly aid,
From the sunbeams form a shade :
Let me from my heart require
(Glowing with intense desire),
Is there, in the deepest grove,
Shelter from the beams of Love ?

ANACREON.

ODE LVIII.

As I wove with wanton care
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design
What the fields had fresh and fine :
Cupid,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell ;
While he plumed a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I secured the boy ;
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frightened prize
Where the mighty goblet stood,
Teeming with a rosy flood.

‘ Urchin ! (in my rage I cried)
What avails thy saucy pride ?
From thy busy vengeance free,
Triumph now belongs to me !
Thus—I drown thee in my cup ;
Thus—in wine, I drink thee up.’

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder Love I quaff'd;
O'er my bosom's fond domains
Now the cruel tyrant reigns;
On my heart's most tender strings
Striking with his wanton wings:
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of love.

THE DANCE.

Anacreontic.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
Music calls us to delight:
See! the maids in measures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread
Rosy Cupid's native red;
And, from every sparkling eye,
Pointed darts at random fly!
Love and active youth advance
Foremost in the sprightly dance.

As the magic numbers rise,
Through my veins the poison flies;
Raptures, not to be express'd,
Revel in my throbbing breast.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
Love and Harmony go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliss)
Gives her youth a rosy kiss;

Such a kiss as might inspire
Thrilling raptures—soft desire :
Such Adonis might receive,
Such the Queen of Beauty gave,
When the conquer'd goddess strove
(In the conscious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.

Let not Pride our sports restrain,
Banish hence the prude, Disdain !
Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
Think—ye rob yourselves of joy ;
Every moment you refuse,
So much ecstasy you lose :
Think—how fast these moments fly :
If you should too long deny,
Love and Beauty both will die.

HORACE.

ODE X. BOOK IV.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
Always coy, and always fair,
Should unwish'd-for languor spread
O'er that beauteous white and red ;
Should these locks that sweetly play
Down these shoulders fall away,
And that lovely bloom, that glows
Fairer than the fairest rose,
Should it fade—and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace ;
Should your glass the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say—

‘Cruel gods! does beauty fade,
Now warm desires my breast invade?
And why, while blooming youth did glow,
Was this heart as cold as snow?’

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

HAIL! (with eternal beauty bless'd,
O'er heaven and earth adored!)
Hail, Venus! 'tis thy slave's request,
Her peace may be restored:
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul de-
part.

Once you descended, Queen of Love,
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious sire!
I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling light through the rejoicing air.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart;
And with a look divinely kind,
That sooth'd my fluttering heart,
‘Sappho (say you), what sorrow breaks thy rest?
How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?’

Is there a youth severely coy,
My favourite would subdue?
Or has she lost some wandering boy,
To plighted vows untrue?

Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
And, with new-lighted flames, more fond, more
fiercely burn.

Thy proffer'd gifts though he deride,
And scorn thy glowing charms,
Soon shall his every art be tried
To win thee to his arms:
Though he be now as cold as virgin snow,
The victim, in his turn, shall like roused Ætna
glow.'

Thee, goddess, I again invoke,
These mad desires remove!
Again I've felt the furious stroke
Of irresistless love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour
burn.

THE
POEMS
OF
Oliver Goldsmith.

THE
LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728, and was the third son of Mr. Charles Goldsmith, a clergyman of the church of England, who had been educated in the university of Dublin, and who was possessed of a small landed property. With a narrow income and a large family (for, besides our author, he had four sons and two daughters) the father was unable to give to all his boys that education which he had himself received; and, having drawn too liberally on his finances to prepare his eldest son, Henry, for the church, he destined Oliver for one of the subordinate professions, and placed him at the village school, the master of which had been a private soldier in the army of the great Marlborough. Some indications, however, of early genius in our poet determined his father to indulge him with a more liberal education; and, with the assistance of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Con-
tarine, to enable the boy to run the same course of learning with his brother Henry. Oliver was accordingly removed from the tuition of the old soldier, from the tales of whose adventures he is said to have

imbibed his passion for seeing foreign countries; and, having passed through two schools of inferior note, was finally stationed in that of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, to be accomplished for the Dublin University. Into this learned body he was admitted as a sizer on the 11th of June, 1744; but, being unfortunately placed under a tutor of a severe and violent temper, he soon endeavoured to escape from a situation which was too harassing and oppressive for his lively and independent spirit to support. For the execution of his purpose, he sold all his little property of books and clothes, and, with the small produce, he sallied from his college to seek his fortunes in the world. This wild scheme, however, ended in its natural result of disappointment and mortification; and the young vagrant was soon forced, by the power of hunger, to return and to submit to the oppression of his academical despot. The harsh treatment, which he altogether experienced at this period of his life, very sensibly affected the character of his mind; and, with an indifference to his studies, it induced an habitual depression of his spirits. He neither obtained nor sought any of the university honours; and it was not till the February of 1749, two years after the regular time, that he was admitted to his B. A. degree.

On the death of his father, young Oliver was pressed by Mr. Contarine, who undertook the charge of him as of an adopted son, to prepare himself for the profession of the church: but, his inclinations in this instance being opposed to the views of his friend, he determined at first to devote himself to the law; and then, with an altered preference, to pursue the study of physic. With this object before him, in the end of the year 1752, he repaired to Edinburgh; and there attended the lectures of the medical pro-

fessors. But his application to study was interrupted and desultory; whilst his indulgence in the pleasures of society, with that facility and kindness of temper which made him always ready to impart his purse or his credit to a necessitous friend, kept him perpetually in a state not far removed from distress.

Having struggled, however, through the regular course of medical instruction in the metropolis of Scotland, he meditated the continuance of his career in the university of Leyden. But, in consequence of a debt of a fellow student for which he had made himself responsible, he was compelled to make a precipitate retreat from Edinburgh; and his flight was stopped, by an arrest, at Sunderland. By the kindness, however, of Doctor Sleigh and Mr. Laughlin Maclaine, he quickly recovered his liberty; and immediately embarked in a vessel which was bound for Bourdeaux. Of this voyage he was fortunately disappointed by the intervention of a singular occurrence; for, as he was engaged in a convivial party on shore with seven of his fellow passengers, the festive room was entered by a serjeant and twelve soldiers, and the eight boon companions were lodged in a prison. The men, as it seems, with whom our author was carousing on this occasion, were Scotsmen, who, having enlisted themselves in the service of France, had been recruiting for that foreign power in the territories of their native sovereign; and had thus made themselves justly amenable to the laws of their injured country. After a fortnight's imprisonment, young Goldsmith succeeded in establishing his ignorance of his comrades' guilt, and obtained his liberation; but during his confinement, the vessel, in which he had engaged his passage, had sailed under evil auspices; for it was lost, with all its crew and passengers, in the mouth of the Ga-

ronne. Thus providentially saved, our author changed the destination of his voyage; and, on board of a ship sailing for Holland, he reached Rotterdam, and thence travelled on foot to Leyden. At Leyden he attended the lectures of Albinus on anatomy, and those of Gambius on chemistry; and passed a year in profitable study. But his passion for gaming and for dissipated pleasure made him for ever poor; and when, to indulge his prevailing wish of seeing the world, he commenced his travels, he discovered his entire carelessness of the morrow by setting out with nearly an empty purse. Without the means of purchasing accommodation, and with nothing more than his little wallet and his German flute, he traversed on foot the Low Countries, Switzerland, the north of Italy, and France. The difficulties, which he must have encountered on such a ramble, are not easily to be imagined; but through Switzerland and France he obtained the hospitality of the peasantry by the powers of his flute, whilst his learning everywhere opened to him the doors of the monasteries, and seated him at their tables. With these resources, and with Providence for his guide, he happily surmounted all the labours and obstructions of his long travel; and, embarking at Calais, he landed at Dover in the summer of 1756.

He was now in England: but, unknown and unknowing as he was, without letters to introduce him, and pennyless, he found the soil of England not softer to his foot than the foreign soil which he had been treading; and he was still a stranger and a mendicant. On his arrival in London, where he knew not that one human being was acquainted with him, his first object was to obtain the place of an usher in one of the schools with which our capital abounds; and, after numerous repulses, in consequence of his uncouth figure, his Irish accent, and

his want of a recommendation, he was at last admitted by one pedagogue, and was thus rescued from the streets. His situation, however, in this school, though it supplied him with the means of subsistence, became in a short time so painfully irksome to his feelings that he resigned it; and, without friends or money, he threw himself once more at random on the world. He now solicited, from chemist to chemist, for the office of a journeyman compounder of drugs; but the causes which had before operated in his disfavour, still acted in opposition to him, and he found every ear barred against his suit. When he was reduced, however, almost to despair, a chemist near Fish Street Hill consented to accept his services; and from his new master he learned, with inexpressible joy, that his old friend Doctor Sleigh was at that time residing in the metropolis. To Doctor Sleigh he immediately repaired; and in this excellent man he discovered a heart as much softened with the milk of human kindness and altogether as warm as his own. To his distress this admirable friend gave the participation of his house and his purse; and by his liberality Goldsmith was enabled to form a little establishment of his own, and to announce himself as a medical practitioner. He had taken his M. B. degree either at Padua or Louvaine, and his attainments in the science of medicine were adequate, as there cannot be a question, to the demands of the character which he assumed. His practice however, or rather the profit resulting from it, was so small, for his patients were more numerous than his fees, that he gladly accepted the place of an assistant to Doctor Milner in his academy at Peckham; an offer of which station was made to him through the intervention of Mr. Milner, the doctor's son, one of Goldsmith's fellow students at Edinburgh. In this situation our

author continued in comfort during a considerable time, discharging the duties of his office with exemplary integrity; and, occasionally, when his employer was absent or was incapacitated by illness, managing the whole academical establishment with ability and zeal.

The mind of Goldsmith, however, was not entirely occupied with the cares of his place, considerable and weighty as they were; for his pen in various directions was always active; and its activity was never inefficient. In 1758 he sold to Mr. Edward Dilly, for twenty guineas, a translation of 'The Memoirs of a French Protestant, condemned to the galleys, and written by himself;' and thus first made his appearance before the public as an author. In the same year (1758) he obtained, by the influence of Dr. Milner, the appointment of physician to one of our settlements in India: but he declined the proffered place, and adhered to his academical post. Toward the close of this year, he was encouraged by Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, whom he met at Doctor Milner's table, to write for that respectable publication; and the articles, which he contributed, were so able as to induce Mr. Griffiths to solicit, on terms of much liberality, a more regular and durable connexion with him. On this temptation, he retired from Peckham; and when his engagement with Mr. Griffiths was terminated, as it soon was by the mutual consent of the parties, he resolved to commence professed author, and to depend altogether upon the press for his subsistence.

With this purpose, and on a plan of rigid economy, our poet first settled himself in a wretched apartment in Green Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey; and here he wrote 'An Inquiry into the present State of polite Literature in Europe;' a work which was published by Dodsley; and which obtained the

attention of the public. He then attempted a periodical paper, called 'The Bee,' which was continued only through eight numbers; and he supplied at the same time some articles to the Critical Review. By one of these he became known to Doctor Smollet; and by him he was introduced to the beneficial acquaintance of Mr. John Newbery. From this liberal bookseller our author soon obtained an engagement as a writer for the Public Ledger, with a salary of a hundred pounds a year; and in this paper he first published 'The Citizen of the World,' under the title of 'Chinese Letters.' About this period the intimacy between him and Doctor Johnson commenced; and Fortune seemed at last to regard the man, whom she had hitherto invariably persecuted, with a relenting if not a kind countenance.

Emboldened by the encouragement which he had experienced, Goldsmith now ventured to exchange his small and dark apartment in Green Arbour Court for a more respectable lodging in Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street: at this time also he assumed the title of *Doctor*, which, desirous as he subsequently was of dropping it, adhered ever afterwards immovably attached to his name.

In his new situation, however, his income proved inadequate to his expenditure: he became embarrassed; and he was finally arrested by his landlady for an arrear of rent. In this distress, he wrote to Johnson for assistance; and, his friend immediately coming and inquiring solicitously on every side for some means of relief, the MS. just then completed, of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' was produced by its diffident author, and, after a glance over a few of its pages, was instantly recognized by the friend as fully adequate to the occasion. With these sheets therefore in his hand, Johnson hurried to Newbery; and, obtaining from him sixty pounds for them, re-

turned without delay to release poor Goldsmith from the gripe of the bailiff.

In the commencement of 1763 Goldsmith removed his residence to a house in Islington, where he wrote successfully for Newbery; and, among other works, produced 'A History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son;' which gained considerable celebrity, and which was generally ascribed by the public to the pen of Lord Lyttelton.

In the succeeding year our author again shifted his abode, and seated himself in chambers in the Inner Temple, on the upper floor of the library staircase; and here, with a feeling of improving circumstances, he entered on a style of living superior to what he had hitherto attempted. He was yet, however, very little known beyond the precincts of Paternoster Row. But his next publication, in 1765, diffused his fame over Britain, and placed him at once in the very first class of the writers of his age. This publication was 'The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society,' a poem, begun during his wanderings in Switzerland, and long since finished; but which had been retained by the diffidence of the poet from the public, and was now surrendered by him with unaffected reluctance to the press. About this time also he published in the *St. James's Chronicle*, under the title of a ballad, the beautiful and pathetic little poem of 'The Hermit.'

In consequence of his present celebrity, his acquaintance was sought by some of the most eminent characters of the day; and he was soon admitted to the intimacy and friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclerc, Bennet Langton, and the whole of that peculiar association of wits and scholars. Of the literary club also, which was then formed under the auspices of Sir J. Reynolds and Johnson, he was chosen one of the first members.

With the laurels which were wreathed around his brow, as a novelist, a critic, and a poet, our author now directed his mind to the stage; and his comedy of 'The Goodnatured Man,' which was acted on the theatre of Covent Garden, from a run of nine nights, brought five hundred pounds into his pocket. With this money, and with some which still lingered in his purse from the produce of his former works, he purchased and handsomely furnished a set of chambers on the ground floor of No. 2, in Brick Court, in the Middle Temple.

In 1769 the king nominated Goldsmith to the place of historian in the Royal Academy, which was then founded: and in 1770 our author published his second delightful and exquisite poem, 'The Deserted Village.' For the copy of this production, the bookseller (Griffin, of Catherine Street) presented him with a hundred pound note: but a friend, to whom he immediately related the circumstance, suggesting that the sum was large for so short a composition, our bard concurred in the sentiment; and, returning instantly to the bookseller, insisted on his taking back his note, and giving nothing more than a fair proportion of the profits of the sale. The sale however was abundant, and it is probable that the author was not unrewarded for this instance of his exemplary probity.

Goldsmith's next production was a 'Life of Parnell,' annexed to a new edition of the works of that elegant poet: and in 1771 he published a 'History of England from the earliest times to the Death of George II.:' for the copyright of which he received five hundred pounds.

On the 15th of March, 1773, our author appeared again before the public as a dramatic writer, in the comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.' This piece was performed at the Covent

Garden Theatre, and by its success, which exceeded the expectations of the writer, produced to him eight hundred pounds. His succeeding publication, in 1774, of 'A History of the Earth and animated Nature,' was yet more profitable to him, for he disposed of the copy of it for eight hundred and fifty pounds. The income from his pen was certainly at this time very considerable, amounting altogether, as it has been calculated, to not less than eighteen hundred pounds in the year; and he ought consequently to have been rich: but his lavish and indiscriminate bounty, together with a passion for gaming, which all his experience had not been able to subdue, still prevented him from rising much above absolute indigence.

His busy and distressful life was now drawing to a close; and his intercourse with the press was at an end. He wrote, indeed, after the publication which we have last mentioned; but these subsequent works of his, 'Retaliation,' the 'Haunch of Venison,' and 'The History of Greece from the earliest Times to the Death of Alexander the Great,' were given to the world when he was no more. He had meditated, and circulated proposals for the great labour of 'An Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences:' but this mighty project he was forced, very reluctantly, by the discouragement of the booksellers, to abandon. During some of his later years he had occasionally been subject to the strangury; and, this afflicting malady attacking him with peculiar violence in the March of 1774, and inducing a nervous fever, he was compelled to have recourse to medical and scientific aid. But his spirits were shattered and prostrate; and he declared that he was tired of life. He was, consequently, a bad subject for the power of medicine; and his obstinate perseverance in the use of what he prescribed for himself, and

principally of James's powder, baffling the art of his two physicians, Doctor Hawes and Doctor Fordyce, he died on the 4th of April, when he had lived only a few days beyond the fourth month of his forty-sixth year.

The death of a man, who had so largely contributed to the instruction and the amusement of the world, was lamented as a general loss; and his friends intended to honour his remains with a sumptuous funeral in Westminster Abbey. On an examination, however, of his circumstances, they discovered that he had died under the encumbrance of a heavy debt; and they were in consequence deterred from the execution of their design. His body was, therefore, deposited, without the pomp which had been meditated, but with a numerous attendance of friends, in the burial ground of the Temple; and a monument, with his profile on a medallion, from the chisel of Nollekens, and a Latin inscription by the pen of Johnson, was raised, as a tribute to his celebrity, among the illustrious of Britain in the Abbey.

If we regard Goldsmith either as a man or an author, it will be impossible for us not to love and admire him. If there were blemishes in his personal character (and where is the human character without its blemishes?) they were not of a nature to excite our resentment; and they were amply compensated by the probity and the ardent benevolence of his heart. As a writer he stands preemiunently high, and challenges our unqualified applause. When we reflect, indeed, on the variety of his works, on the peculiar purity and elegance of his prose composition, on the captivating sweetness and almost unrivaled harmony of his verse, when we contemplate the different powers of mind which he exhibited in their excellence in his multifarious pages, we shall not be able, among his contem-

poraries, to point to his superior, or very easily to discover his equal. The character of his genius has been rather depreciatingly drawn by Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. But Boswell was inadequate to the estimation of such a mind as that of Goldsmith; and, solicitous to make every knee bow to the vast golden idol which he had erected, the idolater of Johnson would not admit of any competitor with the object of his peculiar worship. In the writings of Goldsmith we cannot detect that alleged shallowness of mind which obstructed the penetration of the deep root, and refused nourishment to the lofty trunk. To every subject, with which he engages, we see him bringing all that is requisite for its illustration; and everywhere, with a display of judgment, taste, and imagination, disclosing knowledge which must have been collected from extensive reading, and which must have been concocted by a vigorous understanding. He preferred, indeed, the sweet, the tender, and the pathetic; but we cannot pronounce that he was incapable of reaching the sublime. He did not, it is true, excel in conversation, and his ambition to shine in the social circle was generally unsuccessful; for he talked with careless unpremeditation; his ideas seemed occasionally to be confused, and his utterance was hurried and ungraceful. But the man is not always to be estimated by his conversation; and he may possess much intellectual wealth, which he cannot readily arrange for exhibition, or which he may withhold from a want of confidence to produce it, or for which he may not immediately be able to find a proper vehicle of expression. To be brilliant in company are demanded clear self possession, quick combination of thought, a certain habit of mental digestion, and a peculiar art of bringing our wares, whether costly or cheap, advantageously into

view; and of all these requisites the superior man may be destitute, and the inferior may be possessed. Certain it is that thousands, who are sparkling in conversation, are unequal to composition; and many, who are great in their writings, are without attraction and consequence in company. Addison is reported to have said, that he had not a guinea in his pocket, but that he could draw upon his banker for a thousand pounds: and both he and Dryden are known not to have been eminent for their companionable talents. With these illustrious men, in this instance of their alleged inferiority, may Goldsmith be classed, whilst in their higher character, as writers, he may justly also claim a place by their side; his prose being equal in its purity and elegance to that of Addison; and his poetry, though differently featured, discovering the same divine parentage with that of Dryden. His poetry, indeed, is exquisitely beautiful, if it be not sublime. Its distinguishing attributes are simplicity, and harmony, and a sweetness, as if gathered by the bees of Hymettus. Like a virgin proud in her native charms, it solicits not the aid of artifice for embellishment. It affects no novelties of expression to strike: it has recourse to no strong inversions of the sentence to separate itself from prose: it tries no experiments on metre to surprise and confound us with the result. Its sole instrument is the tongue of the people; and with this it infallibly accomplishes its purpose. It is studious only to please, and it invariably delights. Under an easy robe it conceals the most perfect symmetry; and, whilst it plays with the fancy, it never forfeits the approbation of the judgment. It may be regarded, in short, as an amber stream, flowing softly and fully without the interruption of a pebble in its channel, and sparkling under the radiance of an unclouded sun.

Liquidus.....puroque simillimus amni,
Fundit opes.

As long as the language of England shall survive, or, when it ceases to be living, shall be made the subject of learned labour to attain, so long will ‘The Traveller’ and ‘The Deserted Village’ excite the respect of the reader for the genius, and will conciliate his affection for the benignity of their author.

ENCOMIUMS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

BY S. J. PRATT.

THE village bell tolls out the tone of death,
And through the echoing air the lengthening sound,
With dreadful pause, reverberating deep,
Spreads the sad tidings o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the scenes her Bard had praised
In all the sweet simplicity of song,
Genius, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,
And herded jocund with the harmless swains:
But when she heard the fate-forboding knell,
With startled step, precipitate and swift,
And look pathetic, full of dire presage, [green,
The church-way walk, beside the neighbouring
Sorrowing she sought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the shoulders of the swains he loved,
She saw the boast of Auburn moved along.
Touch'd at the view, her pensive breast she struck,
And to the cypress (which incumbent hangs
With leaning slope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moss'd pillars of the sacred fane,
The briar-bound graves shadowing with funeral
gloom)
Forlorn she hied; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Fast broke the bosom sorrow from her heart,

And pale distress sat sickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive elegy began:

‘ And must my children all expire?
Shall none be left to strike the lyre?
Courts death alone a learned prize?
Falls his shafts only on the wise?
Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From useless thousands swarming round?
What crowding ciphers cram the land!
What hosts of victims, at command!
Yet shall the’ ingenious drop alone?
Shall science grace the tyrant’s throne?
Thou murderer of the tuneful train!
I charge thee with my children slain!

Scarce has the sun thrice urged his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous power;

Sore hast thou thinn’d each pleasing art,
And struck a muse with every dart:

Bard after bard obey’d thy slaughtering call,
Till scarce a poet lives to sing a brother’s fall.

Then let a widow’d mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay;

Tearful inscribe the monumental strain,

And speak aloud her feelings and her pain!

And first, ‘ Farewell to thee, my son (she cried),
Thou pride of Auburn’s dale, sweet bard, farewell!

Long, for thy sake, the peasant’s tear shall flow,
And many a virgin bosom heave with woe;

For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,
And every pastime perish on the green:

The sturdy farmer shall suspend his tale,

The woodman’s ballad shall no more regale,

No more shall mirth each rustic sport inspire,

But every frolic, every feat shall tire:

No more the evening gambol shall delight,
Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night,
But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewell—and farewell Auburn's bliss,
The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss;
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing forest, and the whispering shade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whistled as it went."
These shall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

' Goldsmith, adieu! the "book-learn'd priest" for
Shall now in vain possess his festive glee, [thee
The oft heard jest in vain he shall reveal,
For now, alas! the jest he cannot feel:
But ruddy damsels o'er thy tomb shall bend,
And conscious weep for their and virtue's friend;
The milkmaid shall reject the shepherd's song,
And cease to carol as she toils along;
All Auburn shall bewail the fatal day [away;
When from her fields their pride was snatch'd
And e'en the matron of the cressy lake,
In piteous plight her palsied head shall shake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow shall the lingering tears each other trace.

' And oh, my child! severer woes remain
To all the houseless and unshelter'd train:
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar's breast:
For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain,
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain:
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
For daily blessings mark'd thy virtuous year;

The rich received a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the stranger found a bed;
Distress came always smiling from thy door;
For God had made thee agent to the poor;
Had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,
To grace at once the poet and the man.'

ON

THE DEATH OF GOLDSMITH.

BY WILLIAM WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet Bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds—and
these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt:
Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptured out thy monument of praise:
Yes—these survive to Time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

THE
TRAVELLER:
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.
FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left

the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests, and iambics, illiterative care, and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite

with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse, to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd,

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man sup-
plies:

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope atrest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails:
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:

Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind:
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While seaborn gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
At her command the palace learn'd to rise, [state ;
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul :
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,

There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread; [tread,
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
He sees his little lot the lot of all; [small,
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;

While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined :
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd :
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
That first excites desire and then supplies ; [flies,
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;

For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest:
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Through life's more cultured walks and charm the
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can
How often have I led thy sportive choir, [please,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:

From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much loved wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!

And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise to arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?

Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's ¹ iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

¹ In the *Respublica Hungarica*, there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers, George and Luke Zeck. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, was punished by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown. Boswell pointed out Goldsmith's mistake.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely

believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear sir,
Your sincere friend,
and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove.

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed, [fled.

These were thy charms—but all these charms are

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumberous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,

Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like
these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,

But all the blooming flush of life is fled :

All but yon widow'd solitary thing,

That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn

To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;

She only left of all the harmless train,

The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,

Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power, [place ;

By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,

More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,

He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;

'The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won. [glow,

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd :

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms
are frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomp
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;



GOLDSMITH.

Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, & darken all the strand.

Deserted Village.

Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That foundst me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive train;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE
HERMIT.

A Ballad.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR, 1765.

TO

The Printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*.

JUNE, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one¹ by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance be-

¹ 'The Friar of Orders Gray.'

tween the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
HERMIT.

‘TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

‘For here forlorn and lost I tread;
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘Forbear, my son (the hermit cries),
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

‘Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

‘Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

‘No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master’s care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press’d, and smiled;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
' And whence, unhappy youth (he cried),
The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they:

' And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

' And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

‘ And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn (she cried);
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

‘ My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

‘ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

‘ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

- ‘ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.
- ‘ For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch’d my heart,
I triumph’d in his pain.
- ‘ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret where he died.
- ‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.
- ‘ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I’ll lay me down and die;
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.’
- ‘ Forbid it, Heaven!’ the hermit cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.
- ‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.
- ‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine!

‘ No, never, from this hour to part,
 We’ll live and love so true,
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

An Epistle to Lord Clare.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
 fatter

Ne’er ranged in a forest or smoked in a platter;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
 help regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù:
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They’d as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
 But hold—let me pause—don’t I hear you pro-
 nounce,

This tale of the bacon’s a damnable bounce;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it’s no bounce: I protest in my
 turn, [Burn¹.
 It’s a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr.

¹ Lord Clare’s nephew.

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynold's undress'd,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best:
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how and the who and the where and
the when,

There's H—d and C—y and H—rth and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him
For making a blunder or picking a bone. [alone,
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;

An underbred, finespoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?

'Why whose should it be? (cried I with a flounce;)
I get these things often—(but that was a bounce):
Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case then (cried he, very gay),
I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three:

We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will
be there; [Clare.

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile End;
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear
friend! [wind,

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself²;

Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty, [pasty

Yet Johnson and Burke and a good venison
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his
wife.

So next day, in due splendour to make my ap-
proach,

I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we were all to
dine

(A chair lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb [come;

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
'For I knew it (he cried), both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and the' other with
Thrale;

² See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness
Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor.

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.
While thus he described them by trade and by
name,

They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinach and pudding
made hot;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scot-
tish rogue,

[his brogue,
With his long winded speeches, his smiles, and
And, 'madam (quoth he), may this bit be my
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on; [poison,
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be cursed,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe (quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
cheek),

I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
all.'

'O—ho! (quoth my friend) he'll come on in a
trice,

He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:

There's a pasty'—'A pasty! (repeated the Jew;) I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'—

'What the de'il, mon, a pasty! (reecho'd the Scot;) Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.'—

'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;

'We'll all keep a corner,' was echo'd about.

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad and so pale with affright

Waked Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake
her?) [baker.

That she came with some terrible news from the

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven

Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.

Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—

And now that I think on't the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour mis-
placed,

To send such good verses to one of your taste:

You've got an odd something—a kind of dis-
cerning—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;

At least it's your temper, as very well known,

That you think very slightly of all that's your
own;

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,

You may make a mistake, and think slightly of
this.

Our Cumberland's⁶ sweetbread its place shall
obtain,

And Douglas⁷ is pudding, substantial and plain :

Our Garrick's⁸ a salad ; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

To make out the dinner full certain I am,

That Ridge⁹ is anchovy, and Reynold's¹⁰ is lamb ;

That Hickey's¹¹ a capon ; and, by the same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,

Till all my companions sink under the table ;

Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,

Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,

At least, in six weeks I could not find them out ;

Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied
them,

That slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide them.

⁶ Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, *The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

⁷ Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor (late bishop of Salisbury), an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

⁸ David Garrick.

⁹ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

¹⁰ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

¹¹ An eminent attorney.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for man-
 kind : [throat,
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 To persuade Tommy Townshend¹² to lend him a
 vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought
 of dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
 mint, [was in't;
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
 The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
 Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
 his own. [sigh at;

Here lies honest Richard¹³, whose fate I must
 Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!

¹² Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

¹³ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
Nick ;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts :
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine :

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud :
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds¹⁴ shall be pious, our Kenricks¹⁵ shall
 lecture;
 Macpherson¹⁶ write bombast, and call it a style;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
 pile; [over,
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in
 the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly
 sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle
 them back.

¹⁴ The unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

¹⁵ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakspeare.'

¹⁶ James Macpherson, who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys¹⁷, and Woodfalls¹⁸ so
grave, [you gave!

What a commerce was yours, while you got and
How did Grub-street reecho the shouts that you
raised, [praised!

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature;

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;

Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?

I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,

And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no! [ye,—

Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

¹⁷ Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

¹⁸ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judged without skill he was still hard
 of hearing ;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregio's,
 and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet¹⁹, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

[After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord¹, from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.]

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Though he merrily lived he is now a grave² man :
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun ?
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

¹⁹ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

¹ Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous Essays.

² Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confined!
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content 'if the table he set in a roar ;'
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall³ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
 Who copied his squibs and reecho'd his jokes;
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
 Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the
*press*⁴.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said
 This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse, [wit:
 'Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
 Muse.'

To this Postscript the Reader may not be displeased to find
 added the following

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

OR,

Supplement to his Retaliation.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1778.

DOCTOR, according to our wishes,
 You've character'd us all in dishes;
 Served up a sentimental treat
 Of various emblematic meat:

³ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

⁴ Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

And now it's time, I trust, you'll think
Your company should have some drink :
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your Irish friends wont like your feast.
Ring, then, and see that there is placed
To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critic lore, give ancient hock ;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure unadulterated wine ;
For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophic sage,
The moral Mentor of the age,
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With melting heart, but look austere,
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And crown his cup with priestly Port.

Now fill the glass with gay champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain ;
Quick, quick the sparkling nectar quaff,
Drink it, dear Garrick!—drink and laugh !

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint ;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
And warm the bosoms of the Graces !

To Burke a pure libation bring,
Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring ;
With civic oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
Let Clio at his table sip,
And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend, the dean^s of Derry,
A bumper of conventual sherry!

Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
Of whisky punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale;
To C*****k next in order turn ye,
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!

Now, Doctor, you're an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and choose your liquor:
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?
With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea,
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, Doctor, I would have you know it,
An honest, I, though humble poet;
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover road,
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade:
Hence with all such! for you and I
By English wares will live and die.
Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire:
Here, boy!—a pot of Thrale's entire!

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A Tale.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;

^s Dr. Barnard.

He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?

Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?

O, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!

Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.

O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!

Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.

O!—But let exclamation cease;

Her presence banish'd all his peace:

So with decorum all things carried,

Miss frown'd and blush'd and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?

Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,

Or draw the curtains closed around?

Let it suffice, that each had charms:

He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;

And, though she felt his usage rough,

Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;

The second brought its transports too;

A third, a fourth were not amiss;

The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:

But when, a twelvemonth pass'd away,

Jack found his goddess made of clay;

Found half the charms that deck'd her face

Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;

But still the worst remain'd behind,

That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
 But dressing, patching, repartee;
 And, just as humour rose or fell,
 By turns a slattern or a belle;
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half naked at a ball or race;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend?
 Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
 The squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations.
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke;
 While all their hours were pass'd between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown:
 He fancies every vice she shows
 Or thins her lip or points her nose:
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
 And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now to perplex the ravel'd noose,
 As each a different way pursues,

While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the smallpox, whose horrid glare
Level'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks were dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
 As rational the human mind;
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum;
 But for my soul I cannot credit them:
 And must in spite of them maintain
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature:
 This instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before them,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court:
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend a foe;
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;

Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row :
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters
Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
No single brute his fellows leads ;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats, for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape.
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state :
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators ;
At court the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act ;
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit and sense and nature's spite :

Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictured at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile,

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air:
And here my simile unites;
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe to' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses:
To wit—most wondrously endued,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,

Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twined
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose quill the scribbling elf
Instead of others damns himself.

And here my simile almost tripp'd,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Mercury had a failing;
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;

There in a lonely room, from bailiff's snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug ;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay ;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;
The seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black
face ;

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney-
board ;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears ?
' An't please you (quoth John), I'm not given to
letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your
graces,
As I hope to be saved ! without thinking on asses.'

AN ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.
At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

ON

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

Struck blind by Lightning.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

THE GIFT.

TO

IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?
My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?
A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let them,
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them when I get them.

I'll give—but not the fullblown rose,
Or rosebud more in fashion ;
Such shortlived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.
I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil :
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

LINES,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE
OF APRIL 3, 1800.

E'EN have you seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.
So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came, [cheek;
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her
I gazed, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion
weak.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF

‘SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.’

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

SONG.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears the' approaching bridal night.
Yet why impair thy bright perfection!
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

SONG,

FROM

THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain ;
Thou, like the world, the' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increáse the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures
start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.
Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes :
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack;
 He led such a damnable life in this world—
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY THE POET LABERIUS,

A Roman Knight,

WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.

WHAT! no way left to shun the' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age!
 Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;

Unawed by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear :
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more ;
For, ah ! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine ;
Him I obey, whom Heaven himself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame ;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well ;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF ZOBÉIDE.

IN these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates and the savage shore ;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven ? our reckoning sure is lost !
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!
 Yon ill foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper Gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen
 them—[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in
 them—[*Balconies.*

Here ill condition'd oranges abound—[*Stage.*
 And apples, bitter apples strew the ground:
[*Tasting them.*

The' inhabitants are cannibals, I fear:

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!

O, there the people are—best keep my distance;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

Our ship's well stored—in yonder creek we've laid

His honour is no mercenary trader.[*her,*

This is his first adventure; lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from

Equally fit for gallantry and war.[*far,*

What, no reply to promises so ample?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

Mr. Ice Creams,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your non-
 sense;

I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,

My heels eclipsed the honours of my head;

That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his Mask.*

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trapdoor demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The maddening monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
soft—'twas but a dream.

Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreat—
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating. [ing;
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavil'd at his image in the flood. [shanks,
'The deuce confound (he cries) these drumstick
They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told, horns are the fashion now.'

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wit, false wives, false virgins, and false
spouses!

Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside them,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride them.

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.

These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;

The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.

Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns and talks and swears with round
parade,

Looking, as who should say, damme! who's
afraid? [Mimicking.

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,

Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state!

Yet, when he deigns his real shape to' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon patriot too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,

If with a bribe his candour you attack,

He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run? [black!

If I proceed, our bard will be undone!

Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:

Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who courtesies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and courtesies to the Audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

HOLD, ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS. CATL. The Epilogue.

MRS. BULK. The Epilogue?

MISS. CATL. Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULK. Sure you mistake, ma'am. The Epilogue? *I* bring it.MISS CATL. Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULK. Why sure the girl's beside herself: an Epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a bless'd beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, ma'am; I know the etiquette.

MISS CATL. What if we leave it to the House?

MRS. BULK. The House!—Agreed.

MISS CATL. Agreed.

MRS. BULK. And she, whose party's largest,
shall proceed.

And first I hope, you'll readily agree
 I've all the critics and the wits for me.
 They, I am sure, will answer my commands ;
 Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands :
 What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
 That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATL. I'm for a different set—Old men
 whose trade is
 Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
 Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling.

AIR—COTILLON.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
 Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye :
 Pity take on your swain so clever,
 Who without your aid must die.

Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu.

Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho.

[*Da capo.*

MRS. BULK. Let all the old pay homage to
 your merit :

Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
 Ye travel'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
 Of French friseurs and nosegays justly vain,
 Who take a trip to Paris once a year
 To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,
 Lend me your hands.—O, fatal news to tell,
 Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

MISS CATL. Ay, take your travellers, tra-
 vellers indeed! [Tweed.
 Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the

Where are the cheeks ! Ah, ah, I well discern
 The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn :
 A bonny young lad is my Jockey.

AIR.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
 And be unco merry when you are but gay ;
 When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
 My voice shall be ready to carol away
 With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
 With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULK. Ye gamesters, who, so eager in
 pursuit,
 Make but of all your fortune one *va toute* :
 Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
 ' I hold the odds—Done, done, with you, with you :'
 Ye barristers so fluent with grimace,
 ' My lord—your lordship misconceives the case :'
 Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
 ' I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner :'
 Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
 Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR.—BALEINAMONY.

MISS CATL. Ye brave Irish lads, hark away
 to the crack,
 Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack ;
 For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
 When the ladies are calling, to blush, and hang
 back :
 For you're always polite and attentive,
 Still to amuse us inventive,
 And death is your only preventive :
 Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULK. Well, madam, what if, after all
this sparring,

We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring!

MISS CATL. And that our friendship may re-
main unbroken,

What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULK. Agreed.

MISS CATL. Agreed.

MRS. BULK. And now, with late repentance,
Unepilogued the Poet waits his sentence:

Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit

To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS. BULKLEY.

THERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things:
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they, who lose their senses, there may find
them.

But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?

The Moon, says he:—but I affirm, the Stage:

At least in many things, I think, I see

His lunar and our mimic world agree.

Both shine at night, for but at Foote's alone,

We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.

Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,

And sure the folks of both are lunatics,

But in this parallel my best pretence is,

That mortals visit both to find their senses.

To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,

Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.

The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the' affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas and dotes on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
The gamester too, whose wits all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stored,
As ' Dam'me, Sir,' and, ' Sir, I wear a sword;'
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star or coronet or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

THE END.



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